

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MAY 21, 1979

75¢



**ONTARIO:**  
Key to the  
Kingdom







# Politicians, the party lines . . . and the press

By Robert Lewis

Pierre Trudeau's aides are passing out bottles of beer as the press has broken past the bulking fortress of the B.C. Penitentiary, outside New Westminster. The radio on the bus is tuned to the news, and the news is the prime minister. "There is significant anti-Trudeau sentiment in B.C.," the announcer is saying, and, without skipping a beat, Trudeau press aide Pat Gossage cuts in on the PA system. "A spokesman for the prime minister denied the report."

His laughter evokes little reaction from the 40 sales ladies. It's not so much that the kibitzing is a playful imitation of real-life press agency; it's that this is Saturday, the sex is breaking out, and we're just over another awards in Vancouver's Chinatown. Later, there's a press conference and a nighttime meeting in Terrace, 500 miles up the coast—and it's still left in the election campaign.

But the chaffing Gossage, a former TV producer, is undeterred in his attempts at oversteering in a mock briefing, he announces, "There will not be a full flight in Chinatown. I understand that requires 140 people and there aren't 140 people in Chinatown, and a few children from the back of the bus. It will be another of our media-type events." At last, roars of laughter.

Setting the mood on the bus—not to mention quenching the professional and personal thirst of roughly 500 reporters and media technicians—is a full-time job as the three leaders on the sales in their rented jets. Bore-crushing, 14-hour days across the time zones are turned into 80-second snippets on television and printed stunts that can be read in three minutes. But if the leaders in the skies are to sustain their political momentum on the ground, it's vital that the over-all im-



Gossage and his Princes are helping the media get their best quote for now.

pressions created by these brief reports are positive. That's where Pat Gossage and his colleagues come in.

Manipulating—sometimes badgering—the managers is a full-time job in Election '79 as parties strive to put their best quote forward. The three leaders rarely make a move without consulting their media experts, most of whom have journalistic backgrounds. For Trudeau, press adviser Annie Patterson is a former Toronto *Trillium* reporter who now owns a thriving Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, radio station, press secretary Jean Charpentier served Radio Canada television as an Ottawa and foreign correspondent. For Joe Clark, communications adviser Tim Balfe is the ex-CBC and CTV Ottawa correspondent who guided Trudeau into his celebrated "Just watch me" line during the October Crisis of 1970. For the vice, Bob Broadbent's executive assistant, Mar-

ray Woppley, is a late-eighties activist who worked at the Ottawa Citizen, while Press Secretary Peter O'Malley was a student editor for the Canadian University Press.

What the aides advise, mainly, is that their leaders avoid uncontrolled events and stick to their scripts. In Winnipeg during the early weeks of the campaign, Patterson steadily turned aside a reporter's questions about the staging of a Trudeau press conference on a Saturday afternoon—the first opportunity to ask questions about a report that criticized his government's management of finances five days earlier. "Look," Patterson conceded disarmingly, "we have a line we want to get out, and we don't want to keep ourselves."

Clark and Broadbent adopt the same stance—the political equivalent of the sit and run. In Toronto, after Clark read a prepared statement on unemployment, an aide cut off reporters' questions by declaring that "the leader" had another appointment. What he didn't say was that it was four hours later.

In Halifax, after a tour of the troubled shipyards, O'Malley set up a media microphone stand for Broadbent to read a statement with the harbor in the background, then pleaded with reporters to move around to the front so as not to obstruct the pretty view for television. As reporters responded to the statement with questions, adviser Cliff Sexton (legal as Broadbent's above, friendly pulling him away, and O'Malley shared, "The bus is leaving.")

Because of scarce resources, Credit Union Fabien Ray is the only leader without a plane. He was so dually organized for the party's first rally that paid employees from an ad agency—not loyal volunteers—distributed copies of the party's program. Planned "photo opportunities" were watched when fac-



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ELECTION '79

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### Frontlines

tory managers refused to admit photographic. There was one unfortunate exception: Roy was filmed in an abductor as freshly slaughtered pigs, dripping blood, moved behind him in meat hooks. Before the week was out, Roy fired his advance man.

Few such problems have marred the smooth travels of the other leaders. In contrast to Clark's world tour, when he was at the mercy of scheduled commercial carriers, his blood-plume is a model of business efficiency. Little wonder, since the tour group consists of a core of some 40 executives who have volunteered their services to the Tories for every campaign, provincial and federal, since Premier William Davis's election in 1991.

The Liberals, ironically, are even more obsessed with luggage. Two assistants from Trudeau's office are detailed, full-time, to pack up heavy coats, robes—using pass keys, they, types in white journals and still asleep—two hours before the usual 9 a.m. departure time. (Conservative and, of course, other staffers and reporters carry their own bags.) At last report, only one bag had been misplaced on the Liberal tour, that of *Globe and Mail* columnist Geoffrey Stevens. "But we got it back within an hour-and-a-half," boasted an aide. In Quebec, where meetings are mostly in French, Charbonneau pulls out a pad and makes notes for the numerous English reporters who can't follow the proceedings. Sometimes the attempts at assistance and fellowship go beyond the call of duty. In Nanaimo, B.C., during an impromptu Pressler tour at the airport, Pat Cosgrave broke his elbow trying to retrieve the duff from the top of the Liberal's press bus. He was back with the tour the next day, his right arm in a cast.

Why do they bother to saddle the press, to match the luggage, to see that the orange juice, champagne and crisps are ready at takeoff? For starters, the close attention is a practical way of ensuring that 40 to 60 people are on tour for the dentist-like schedules of the party leaders. But there is, as well, the subliminal drive by the parties to suggest that if they can run an efficient national tour, they can also wrestle victory to the ground.

For the dozens regular who stay with one leader throughout a campaign, the place, almost friendly, becomes a home on the road. On Trudeau's DC-8 there is an informal system of self-organized seating as reporters plaster walls with their names and pictures. Typically, *Standard* Broadcasting's Jim Munroe, whose reports are carried by 57 stations, slipped back into his seat after a

### Frontlines

long day out on the land and sighed. "It's good to be home again."

Sometimes the enforced familiarity between staffers and reporters can breed contempt—as Munroe knows. In the second week of the campaign, in New Brunswick, Patterson offered, Munroe an unsolicited copy of money to tape and edit voice clips of Trudeau speeches. The Liberals planned to read them to provide radio stations which don't have their own studios on the tour. Outraged, Munroe refused the offer and told the story to the rest of the press corps.

The Liberals and New Democrats at least make an effort to mingle with the press, even if the masses sometimes in misanthropic Conservative circles, in contrast, throw up a separate bus on the ground and, on the plane, isolate themselves up front. Broadbent is the only leader who has straddled the aisle regularly from the beginning of the campaign, cigar in hand, ready to talk to the press. Trudeau usually works alone on the plane at a front-row desk. Clark, began by granting interviews in a separate compartment aboard his plane but by the fifth week of the campaign, Tory campaign manager Lowell Murray urged that the party was taking the heat for a Bush-Wrapped strategy. Clark promptly accepted the television debate and held a news conference. The Tory leader, getting exhausted, also started avoiding the aisle occasionally in his yellow Perry-Camacho, chatting with the press. And he even won a response in a long flight from Sydney, N.S., to Toronto.

Reporters at the head of the Clark plane: feeding the crowd that waits down.



The Liberals' Patterson (left) chats up a reporter, Broadbent and with Lucille on the NDP plane, home on the trail.

For outright charmlessness, nothing matches the Broadbent plan. Perhaps because reporters mean there is less at stake, the atmosphere is often reminiscent of a two-year's clubhouse. Their stances are not necessarily softer, although sometimes they are. The importance is that never before has a top leader's press entourage been so big and, although Broadbent campaigns at half the speed of the other leaders, he gets readily equivalent news coverage. The good-better man of the tour is not a Broadbent staffer but *Standard's* Fred Bess, a prepared broadcaster who runs a weekly Internet column, reads a daily bulletin of phone snail snails over the PA system and assigns seats to new reporters joining the tour. In its self-described "campaign of issues," the wr-



is not above the occasional flourish. In St. John's, on the night of a key planning meeting in Ottawa, for the Liberal's Debelen, Broadbent's former Boston boarder the press bus and asserted that "technical objections" from Conservatives had ended the negotiations. What Seniors didn't say in his heading—although he had been told—was that another meeting on the day had been scheduled four days later. By the time that fact was known, Broadbent already had scored his media points by denouncing Clark.

Since the parties are spending more than \$10 million on their national campaigns for the hearts of Canadians, it is hardly surprising that they take some shortcuts of the mind. Joe Clark, a former reporter himself, could have been speaking for all the leaders when he once allowed to reporters: "Quite honestly, you people come prepared with your own news angles. And I'd like to have a few of my own."

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# What would hockey night be without Roger Doucet?

It's 7:45 p.m. on hockey night in Canada, just a few minutes from game time. The Montreal Forum is filling to its usual capacity crowd as Canadian fans gather to see their heroes battle through the Stanley Cup playoffs. Deep inside the building, another Montrealer is warming up in a men's room, dressed in his towels and sunglasses by Forum staffers making use of the facilities. Roger Doucet is singing *O Sole Mio* at the top of his lungs, into a

Allosette football game under way. He's a true hockey fan and sticks around for most of the games, except on Saturdays when he goes straight to a

hurler serving as a hand-and-eye. At 5:00 comes the announcement: "Moderators in messieurs... Roger Doucet." The white-haired, barrel-chested singer steps out onto the Forum ice, slides his lungs and charges into his biological, modified version of *O Canada*. The audience goes in and the feeling of superhuman—franco, anglo and

Kooper—is stirring.

If Guy Lafleur is the not-so-secret weapon of the Canadiens' travelling

troop of stockhanding magicians, then Doucet, Forum anthem for the last eight years, is the muscle of their arsenal. The way he electrifies his audience is commonly said to be worth at least one goal to the Habs.

A strong nationalist, the 60-year-old Doucet caused a stir during last year's cup finals when he replaced one of the intermission "we stand" songs with one in French for their fans from *O Canada* with "we stand as guard for rights and liberty." But now, having stuck with his revised version, he keeps getting mad from people who like it. "Canadians isn't just the land but people, too, and they have rights and liberty," he explains. "So I decided, 'Why not sing it?'"

As long as the Canadians stayed in the playoffs, Doucet's anthem would be seen across Canada on TV coverage of games from the Forum. But his appearances don't end with the hockey season; he also delivers anthems to get back the Montreal Expos baseball and



Doucet stands on ice for them and (last) his album, singing hockey fans

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## Frontlines

small Montreal supper club, the Vite Restaurant, where he entertains every weekend. There he has a TV board to the game so he can keep an eye on his team.

Thanks to O Canada, Doucet is now an instantly recognized celebrity, especially in Quebec. But it was a long haul through 40 years of professional singing. The son of a salesman from Riverview in east Montreal, he made his first appearances in a church choir at the age of 10. At 18 he moved up to nightclub singing, then four years later, in 1948, joined the army and toured Canada and Europe for two years.

Later he studied at the New York College of Music where he met his lifelong wife, Geraldine, a mezzo-soprano. After graduation, he did short stints with various agencies in Philadelphia, Toronto and London, but by his mid-40s he was not advancing as quickly as he had hoped. "I finally realized I was too old to make it in the big leagues," he says.

Then, "par jeu hasard" as the singer puts it, the Forum auditioned Doucet in '71. By the end of this season he will have appeared at well over 500 hockey games, and his devotion to throw his lot in with the anthem has worked well in other ways.

In '76 a friend suggested he do an album of national anthems around the world. "Already knew the Russian and American anthems and as the Canada Cup international hockey tournament in September approached, I thought I'd prepare myself by learning the Czechoslovakian, Finnish and Swedish as well." A week before the tournament opened, the organizers asked him somewhat tongue-in-cheek if he knew the six anthems. By then he did, and that meant hope: international TV appearances were opened each game. But there was one bad moment, when the Sovietist sang the Czechoslovakian. "I sang the Russian anthem and I was receiving the reaction when I drew a blank on the Czechoslovakian anthem. There was the music starting and millions watching via satellite. Luckily, Geraldine who was standing just behind me whispered the first word and I was saved."

An album he made from that year's preparations, a selection of anthems and national songs called *Chants Gloireux* in its French edition—*Songs of Glory* in English—has sold more than 30,000 copies. Coming soon is a single with a Canadian entry song on one side and a disco number called *Que Me Soit le Pave* on the other. So far there are no plans for a disco rendition of O-Canada.

Ashley Collier

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# A new Rx for Quebec



For a 46-year-old suburban, Montreal dentist, William Shaw is in the grips of an uncommon dilemma. "My problem," he admits, "is to stay credible and not come off as a radical." Or, for that matter, as a snark.

Shaw is leader of Quebec's newest political grouping, the Freedom of Choice Party, dedicated to finding an antidote to the linguistic cult administered by the Parti Québécois's ex-hatred minister/psychiatrist, Camille Laurin. The 1971 language law was presented by Laurin to treat what he had diagnosed as France's Quebec's collective inferiority complex. Now with Shaw entering the scene, leading a party tag-team with English-speaking physicians, Quebec's inoperable clash over language shows signs of becoming an outlandish argument among practitioners of the medical art. Laurin says his Law 100 imposes Quebecers' mental well-being. Shaw counters that its unacceptable side effects include gnashed teeth and hemorrhoids.

Arguments like that may attract more passing looks than new members to a party, but they are endorsed by a professionally respectable roster of medical men, including cardiologist and party President Rogermeur Singh and feuding member Armand Foras. Surgeon Foras claims to have patients suffering backaches and diarrhea brought on by the language legislation. Shaw ex-

pects. "Wherever you have a sick social climate you have stress, and there's as doubt that people are demonstrating stress phenomena in Quebec. There's cardiovascular disease and hypertension and you also have gastrointestinal problems where you find ulcers and, at the other end, stress-induced piles. Then, in the mouth, you get bruxism—the grinding of teeth."

Shaw is serious. So serious that his

## Loose change from a Viking visit?

Understandably after 900 years there is very little to go on. Newfoundland archeologists in the state of Maine are hoping to find more evidence this summer that Viking sailors might have visited the area as early as the ninth century AD.

It already will know that the inland Vikings were in other parts of North America long before the south European seafarers. At L'Anse aux Meadows Newfoundland, for example, archeologists have uncovered a treasure trove of Norse artifacts including a bronze buckle, soapstone spindle whorl for weaving and remnants of iron smelting. But a coin found on

English-speaking shores in the National Assembly, where he sits as an independent, has been his one unapologetic asset to the province's secessionist government. Laurent Liberal John Caouette. "Every time Shaw opens his mouth, the Parti Québécois gets another 1,000 votes." Certainly, Shaw is not shifting many ballots his way: only 519 of 50,359 voters in Quebec's April '90



The 900-year-old coin. Columbus was late

the Maine coast is the first hint of a Viking landing in what is now the United States.

hypocritical chase. Freedom of Choice advocates, whose party campaign was mounted in answer to Liberal leader Claude Ryan's refusal to promise to open Quebec's English schools to all linguistic groups. Shaw himself was elected in 1976 on just such a platform, proposed by the Crisis Nationale. When the UK reversed its language policy, Shaw quit the caucus to sit alone.

Shaw and his followers—he says they number 3,000—wear their own gold and red lapel pins, a symbol held in full flight. "The border of the land is gold because freedom is valuable," he explains. "The red represents the fact that this value is veined in blood—people have died for freedom and we may have to die to keep it."

Such dark prophecies of violence, more than the unexpected medical findings, have been making Freedom of Choice an embarrassment to Quebec's mainstream Anglophone politicians. But Shaw still insists he is a "safety valve" for frantic Anglophones who see their prospects evaporating because their language is no longer spoken. "If we weren't there advocating for freedom of choice [in language], the next thing you know there would be violence. One act of violence precipitates another until you get into the syndrome of Ireland."

The Irish example often boggles into Shaw's conservatism. He compares Law 100 to the Irish republic's unsuccessful attempts to remove Gaelic and says the flight of business activity from Montreal means that "Quebec will have exactly what Ireland got—a selected-rate economy in which you do what other people let you do." That is the real work of the Freedom of Choice issue, not ulcers but jobs. "We're losing all the English-speaking aspect of Quebec commerce," laments Shaw. "How much longer can we bleed?" David Thomas

The small silver and copper alloy penny was actually dug up by an amateur archeologist in 1957 but until last year was mistakenly thought to be English, minted around 1134 to 1154 AD. Early this year the Maine State Museum in Augusta brought in a Norwegian numismatist expert, Kjetil Skovgaard, who after two days of poring all the penny from all angles declared it Viking money and dated it between 1060 and 1080.

That leaves the question of how this coin got to Maine. It could simply have been traded across the coast by Indians who encountered the Vikings in Newfoundland. But the Maine-Norwegian welders of it is a sign that there are more to be found. Another digging team, including a Scandinavian archeologist, will scour the area this summer in hopes of establishing a Viking presence in the U.S. past. David Palmer

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## Frontlines

# Vietnam is blazing on the culture front

First, ABC was surprised. In a ratings race against light fare like *All in the Family* and the movie *Roots* on TV, a Sunday evening in April 64 million people chose to watch a "depressing" drama instead—ABC's *Friendly Fire*, an ultra-serious three-hour TV movie in which Candi Carroll plays a mother whose son is accidentally killed in Vietnam by U.S. artillery. Then, Tim O'Brien was surprised. John Cheever was considered a choice for the U.S. National Book Award for fiction, but O'Brien was instead for his Vietnam novel, *Going After Cacciato*. The cultural leaning over the war is very loud this year.

Two Vietnam films, *Coming Home* and *The Deer Hunter*, dominated the Oscars, this summer. *Apocalypse Now*, Francis Ford Coppola's mastodon of a movie, will hammer onto the screen, while in New York two new plays, *Dispatches* and *G.I. Post*, are drawing audiences eager to be strafed and strobed with images of war. *Dispatches* is a "rock-war musical" and *G.I. Post* refers to a unit in Vietnam where the bodies of dead soldiers are registered and prepared for shipment home.

These think-twice dramas are part of a general yen for entertainment about moral issues (*Norma Rae*, *The China Syndrome*, even the curdly self-lacerations of *Masochism*) and an apparent urge on the part of U.S. audiences to absorb the memories, the disturbing

new knowledge and the guilt that was left behind by the war. At Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, Michael Herr's book *Dispatches* has been adapted, co-produced and directed by Elizabeth Swados into a gorgeously-limbed musical, with an energetic co-ed G chorus in green fatigues singing lyrics like "I

thought they left in 'G.I. Post' and O'Brien's novel, depicting the war years



can't hack it back to the world." The effect is supposed to be a rough, raw equation between rock 'n' roll and Vietnam, but the show also tames rock and trivializes war. The actors all wear thin-to-serious expressions, but apart from slight pleasures (a song and dance about the sadness of helicopters), the lack of any shaping point of view is chilling, especially in the pseudo-profundity of the last number, "Vietnam, we've all been there." Hey, war is just another metaphor, right? (Insert *Deer Hunter* arguments here.)

A technician on the production reported that Swados was feeling guilty after her Broadway show *Roadshow* was a hit last year. Now what? She then ran into author Herr, who was feeling guilty about the success of *Dispatches*. The result is a show without a clear motive—one that flirts restlessly talent, instead of having something specific to communicate.

G.I. Post, however, is powerfully specific. Michael Moriarty plays Micah Bradstreet, a refined baby-boomer who graduates straight from Amherst to Vietnam. "He seems like a nice enough fellow," says Micah, freshly arrived, after meeting his lieutenant, and the other men in his unit tell their eyes and pass him the dope, this guy has a lot to learn. An excellent script by David Berry evokes the war, and a spectrum of emotions that leaves Micah confused this death-dealing business makes him feel alone, and that makes no sense.

In almost every case, for the anti-character the Vietnam War is just something that happened, a spasm of history that caught two countries and scooped them. Somebody went to war for a reason, but apparently it wasn't anyone who is back home writing books or plays. In *Guns After Cocaine*, the character Paul Berlin, an American soldier, goes at the Vietnamese people and wonders who they are, and why he is there. "He wanted them to understand," Berlin thinks, "all of them, that he felt so hate. It was all a sad accident, he would have told them—chance, high-level politics, confusion. He had no stake in the war beyond simple survival." This echoes the last scene in *The Deer Hunter*, where the forest-thrashed survivors of the war experience King God Bless America. No nation has had things get, the film reassures us, we will have our feelings, and each other, Vietnam is not a place with a history, but a state of mind, an awful growing-up. The hard questions—how did a free society for instance, and up with as many justified victims—are postponed in order to let the feelings flow first. It is a necessary stage in the reabsorption of the war, but you can't keep receding (recessions, or as T.S. Eliot said) (well ahead of schedule), after such knowledge, what forgiveness? Maria Jackson

# Premium

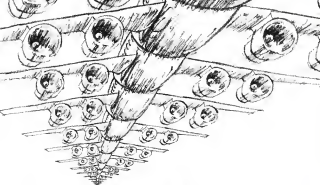
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## Letters

### Bigger than a breadbox

The article *Atlantic Canada: Where Bread and Butter Count* (April 22) gives the impression that the people of Atlantic Canada do not take politics seriously. We do. Politics have played an important role in our history and we too have sent great people to Ottawa.

W. P. KIRK,  
SALMON RIVER, N.S.

### Alias in Wonderland

I found the article *Wonderland by Night* (April 19) to be very upsetting. What is most upsetting is the fact that the Ontario government is in full support of the theme park proposed in Vaughan Township. This Wonderland may be a boon for balancing budgets, but what I question is whether bringing more American money into this province to allow our children to have fun is more fundamental to the well-being of children than the assurance of our future agricultural resources. I contend that it is not. The Ontario government does not seem to appreciate the long-term effects of taking our more bite out of our food-producing soil.

MURIEL MAYBLO,  
WATERLOO, ONT.

### Please stand by

I was very interested in *Looking Without Paying Through the Nose* (March 26) on pay-television. Here in Saskatchewan, three cities (Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw) have been enjoying a pay-TV service since last January. The Cooperative Programming Network (CPN) includes a Home Box Office channel, Variety Plus (which features syndicated movies), a channel for children's programs only called Just for Kids and a 24-hour news channel. All programs are free of commercial interruption and are uncut and undistorted as supplied by the distributor. All this for only \$12.50 per month. However, the CPN is in trouble. A few months ago the co-op went into receivership. The receiver's report has been presented to the provincial government (which originally put CPN off the ground) and a decision affecting CPN's future is forthcoming. In spite of its past mistakes and present problems, I will continue to support CPN and the pay-TV concept. I hope CPN will be able to obtain additional financial support so that it will be allowed to develop and improve.

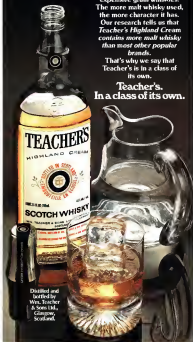
BARRY ELLIS,  
REGINA

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## A toned-down radical aims for Parliament



**R**oss curls, brauning his freckled face, a post-trick character George Erasmus tells his Yellowknife audience that if elected, he will work hard to achieve the kind of society in which a Dece can look a non-Dece in the eye without the non-Dece feeling threatened. "I would work with everyone up here," he tries to assure his predominantly non-native audience, a group he knows mistrusts and fears him.

But the 36-year-old Erasmus, the New Democratic Party's candidate in the Western Arctic for the May 22 election, is greeted by his regulars here he stands, well groomed in a brown tweed coat and plaid trousers, hair stylishly cut, coiffed... and what most of the audience sees in the port-faded, bushy-fringed radical who only a few weeks ago was touring the south roadshow up support for the "Dece nation." Erasmus is the personification of his people's desire for self-determination. "Our right to exist and develop under our own institutions has been violated," declares the discussion paper on Dece government which is firmly identified with Erasmus. "In the future, to live in the land of the Dece, the non-Dece must live according to the laws

and within the system of government set up by the Dece." Minister of Indian Affairs Minister Philip Pickman has said the proposal amounts to "sovereignty-association" for 500,000 square miles in the Northwest Territories, while resident non-natives de-



would it as a racist message which would set up a nation within a nation. So the candidate's promises to initiate a "dialogue" with everyone on how self-government should work in the North do not carry much weight with this non-Dece audience.

Nevertheless, Erasmus stands a very good chance of going to the House of Commons. He is the only native candidate, running against a Liberal, a Conservative and a union man who lost the NDP nomination to Erasmus and is standing as an independent. Both the Liberal, lawyer David Searle, and the Tory, free-enterpriser David McKeown, are territorial councillors who recently opposed to the Dece government proposal which would eliminate the council. They hold basically the same political views: settle land claims but get on with development of the North in the meantime, and nominate responsible government for the N.W.T. such process had in 10 years. The similarity of their positions could create a split in the non-native vote, leading Erasmus to victory. (The population is split about 50-50 between Dece and non-Dece.)

The independent, Ed McKeown, tells Erasmus is "just using the federal election to expose the propaganda of the Dece nation." Capitalizing on sharing son leader Broadbent's first name, McKeown unabashedly sports the party's "Ed McKeown" buttons and expounds his points. When he runs up next to a free labor voter, McKeown is not considered a serious contender.

Erasmus went as far as Grade 12 in the Yellowknife Catholic high school. He is divorced and has two sons. In his campaigning he tries to represent the "dispossessed" whether they are native, women or the poor. "I can give the NDP an image across this country," he says. After asking people door-to-door what they think of him, he has come up with a much more palatable platform than his almost entirely pro-Dece position that earned him the nomination. A vote for the NDP is not necessarily a vote for the Dece nation, he now assures people. Neither Broadbent nor the party has made a stand yet on how aboriginal rights should be settled, he says. He claims not to be a "second person" but to believe British in trying to hear everyone's ideas on political self-determination.

The old Erasmus (above) combines a showman's polish with the NDP version (below) with a coiffed hair and on Ottawa: "I'll work with everyone."



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## Frontlines

Branson talks of a "provincer-like government," not a Dene nation. However, few forget his proposal to set up a government that would have jurisdiction over everything from natural resources to immigration and external affairs, with the power to license local media and a special veto over any projects "that would threaten the very cultural existence of the Dene Nation."

No doubt Branson would have a profound effect in Parliament. He's a powerful and persuasive speaker and his addresses can't help being moved by his reminder that 30 years ago, he and his brothers couldn't vote in federal elections, let alone run in one. His condemnation of the statement that he hopes one day a Dene will be able to run as a political candidate and not be viewed as a racist.

There's no sign of that kind of aprehension among the three Inuits vying for the federal seat in the N.W.T.'s most wooded riding, Nunavut (historically, the central and eastern Arctic and everything above the tree line, even though two of them have been active with the Inuit Tapscott of Canada (ITC), a native group attempting to negotiate land claims. The ITC's Prior Beland and Liberal Tagak Curley are both former executive directors and Curley was instrumental in the ITC's formation in 1971. Along with Conservative Alex Gagli, who has worked mainly for government, they want the same things: a vote for the Inuit in Parliament and a just settlement of land claims. According to Curley, the strongest candidate of the three, party lines mean little in Nunavut, where the reputation of the man and his family will determine who gets in.

The outcome of Branson's campaign will hinge on whether he has the support in the Mackenzie Valley communities he claims to have (Wally Pirth was elected for the NRC in 1978, when the N.W.T. only had one riding, even though the Conservative candidate beat him in Yellowknife). It appears to be a toss-up between Branson and Nicholson, a conventional hard-worker who has hunted coffee shops and bars for the past year, quietly gaining support. The fact that Nicholson has a native wife is a definite plus for him.

If the polls are against Branson in the Dene communities, he will lose face as leader of his people. If he does get that support and the non-natives split their votes between the two Davids, Branson will be in a bad, constituency campaign speeches behind him, one nation he has a mandate to obtain a Dene government.

Simon Rogers



A helicopter lowers an ingenious collecting tube to the tree tops where the heartburst cones grow. They contain seeds that should grow into bigger, better trees to assure forest crops, and jobs, for the next generation.

## Dear Landlord:

Over 90% of Canada's forests are owned by the Canadian public—you. In addition to taxes, the forest industry people pay governments for every cubic foot of wood they harvest. And they pay rent for the land they lease. A part of those payments is earmarked for forest regeneration. Is enough being invested to assure future wood supplies? One job in ten in Canada depends on the forest.

Yes, the forests of Canada are well growing more wood than a being used. But the gap is closing. We're closer than we used to be to what foresters call the annual allowable cut.

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A surprising number of Canadians are unaware that they own over

90% of Canada's forest lands and crops. All the wood cut on public land is measured and forest products companies pay for every single cubic foot of wood they use. Besides that, they pay rent for the use of your public land. They also share costs with the provinces to protect your forests from fire, insect, and disease damage. Forest products companies

Thousand and tens of thousands of jobs for men and women. Some forests need thinning or logging to produce better trees. Harvested areas sometimes need seedling to make a good seed bed. Hundreds of millions of seedlings must be planted annually. Each year, around a million acres need this special care to guarantee future crops.

pay taxes, their employees pay taxes. Last year, in wood payments, land rent and taxes, forest industries paid their governments nearly a billion dollars. Their employees paid another billion on dollars in taxes.

A portion of these funds is set aside to help maintain Canada's great public natural resource. In government forestry departments and in the industry itself, there is growing concern that the investment may not be enough to ensure adequate wood supplies. So attention is turning increasingly to silviculture to produce bigger and better wood crops for the future.

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By Ian Urquhart

**T**he Scarborough home of Mel and Denise Wilson is much like their neighbours' homes in suburban Toronto with one notable exception: there are two election signs plastered firmly on the front lawn. One—here—is for Alan Martin, the Liberal incumbent. The other—his—is for Bill Whittemore, the Conservative challenger. "We still argue about it," says Mrs. Wilson, 36. "We both like Alan Martin. But my husband doesn't like Trudeau. I think Trudeau is very intelligent and I just don't think the other guy [Clark] can run his own household. So I don't know how he could run the country. The Conservatives would win easily without Clark."

The campaign is like that in Toronto and throughout Ontario. With the most seats (55, including 33 in Metro Toronto) and the most eligible voters (3,952,826), including 1,302,638 in Metro Toronto, Ontario holds the key to the kingdom of political power in Canada. But it seems the more the party leaders concentrate their efforts in the province—all three were in Ontario on the same day last week, highlighted by the Trudeau rally in Toronto—the more confused the voters become. With one week to go before voting day, there was no obvious swing toward any one party, so prospect of a sweep such as the Liberals enjoyed in 1984 (36 of the pre-referendum total of 68 seats, including 17 of 32 in Toronto, giving Trudeau top spot in the province, as illustrated on our cover). Instead, there was division. Whether it was households like the Wilsons, or pubs, or neighborhood religious people seemed to be going in opposite directions.

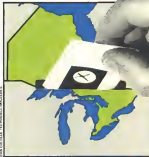
Ontario voters are divided along racial lines, with Italians and other "ethnic" voting en masse for Trudeau and the WASPs backing the Conservatives. Got youth is pitted against Tory age. Conservative housewives against Liberal tenants (over the Tory proposal to make mortgage interest payments tax deductible). The NDP is even trying to

divide the province by class as union members man telephones by night to contact fellow workers and make a pitch for a vote against the Liberals and Conservatives.

All that portends a patchwork result when the votes are in May 22—barring a last-minute change in one direction or the other. Without such a shift, the Conservatives will fall well short of the 50 Ontario seats they feel they need for a national majority and the Liberals won't come near the 50 seats they think

out as a close race in Ontario. The Conservatives, riding a wave of anti-Trudeau sentiment, may well win in the end. The Liberals' own polls showed the Conservatives were 10 percentage points ahead and that was probably an understatement. With Premier Bill Davis and much of his provincial election machine backing Clark and the Conservatives, it seemed no-

**Maclean's**



tory was assured across Ontario. Toronto, in particular, looked Tory. The Liberal polls showed the Conservatives ahead by 15 percentage points there and the anti-Trudeau feeling—fanned by the right-wing Toronto Star—was particularly strong. Early in the campaign, pollster Peter Regehr noted: "Antipathy toward Pierre Trudeau is the most significant fact of the federal election in

## ONTARIO: Key to the Kingdom

they have to win. The close race sets the New Democrats just free, however. They have their eyes on two dozen Ontario seats and may win half of those if the other parties stay about even, as they did in 1982 when the NDP took 11 seats in the province.

The election campaign did not start

Toronto, an area that has been crucial to his party's dominance in federal politics since Lester Pearson became prime minister in 1962. This autonomy was apparent during the September last fall, it turns up in the public opinion surveys the parties themselves conduct and in my own limited but in-depth interviewing of equals or superstars that which accompanied John Diefenbaker's downfall in the early 1960s."

But now Joe Clark has become an issue as well, in Toronto and elsewhere in the province, as voters cast a skeptical eye at the putative prime minister



and fed him wanting. Conservative support has, accordingly, begun to erode and Liberal fortunes have begun to climb. In Clark's back. Representatives say the Liberals are gaining one percentage point a week in Toronto, narrowing the gap between the two parties to five points in a Gallup poll conducted during the last week of April. A private Conservative poll at York East, a Toronto riding the Tories thought they had in the bag, showed the two parties even even. Another poll showed popular Conservative incumbent Jean Pigeon leading Liberal Jean-Luc Poirier by just one point in Ottawa-Carleton, another seat the Tories had considered safe. The Conservatives were still in the lead in Southwestern Ontario, the polls said, but the Liberals were not fret in the north. However, the most recent Gallup poll taken in the first week of May and released last weekend, showed that the Liberals trail the Tories by 30 percentage points in Ontario. Still, what began as a bruising political march to power in Ontario has become a desperate struggle for seats. Here is a look at four

representative ridings in the province. **Southwestern West:** A largely working-class riding in the Toronto suburbs, Scarborough West offers one of the few real throw-away fights in the province. Now candidate John Hargay, 48, a university professor, is running hard to regain the seat he lost to Liberal Alan Martin, 46, an accountant, in the last election, while Conservative Bill Wrightman, 36, an industrial relations consultant, hopes to top them both. An ideological conservative (he proudly displayed a letter from Sir Keith Jo-

ney, Margaret Thatcher's mentor), in his campaign headquarters, Wrightman says capital punishment, which he favors, is a big issue in the riding. "That and the Trudeau-in-a-seneca-of-bitch thing," he adds. If the election had been held a month ago, Wrightman probably would have ridden the "Trudeau-in-a-seneca-of-bitch thing" to an easy victory. Now he is concentrating strictly toward Clark and his lead in dwindling Hargay, a hard-baked accountant, is a serious threat with a crack organization and a big as-

set from organized labor's telephone campaign. Last week Hargay got another boost when the Toronto Star, the country's biggest paper, gave the NDP its endorsement.

For Martin, the election has been an uphill struggle. But he is a surprising hero-fight in Trudeau's court (the Tories aren't focusing on the leadership threat) and hoping his leader takes off in a series of single-fighter battles last week, he encountered some anti-Trudeau sentiment and met it head-on with a prepared spiel. Said Martin: "It's not so much who you like and don't like but who you think is the best equipped to make the tough decisions we face over the next few years on issues like Quebec and energy." Surprisingly, some of the voters agreed, responding with "That's for sure," or "You've got a point there." Rightwingers were particularly responsive. When Lila Globoski greeted Martin at the door, she said she was undecided. But when Martin started talking about Trudeau, her eyes lit up and she said, "Yes, yes." Only one person was openly antagonistic, calling Trudeau



Business: no mention at all of Trudeau

"an overrated, sissypooz, pompous ass." But, in the same breath, she invited Martin to for a Coke on a hot day.

**Westville:** It is a straight, two-way fight between the Liberals and Conserva-  
tives. One is the conservative middle-class riding in the north end of Metro Toronto. Candidates Bob Jarvis (Conservative), 41, and Jim Peterson (Liberal), 37, are both lawyers on the right side of the political spectrum. Jarvis appeared to have a big lead early in the campaign but now he is closely watched. He is encountering anti-Clark talk as he canvasses the ridings and it is stirring to rage. At an all-candidates meeting one night last week, he decided to do the vice versa in before about 100 people in a school gym. Said Jarvis: "There is one issue that has arisen throughout this campaign and which has come at us in an oblique manner. That is the leadership of Joe Clark and whether Joe Clark is capable of becoming prime minister of this country. I am afraid at many of the doors I have called on during the last six weeks," Jarvis told his audience he attended the University of Alberta with Clark in the late 1960s and found him a man of "tremendous ability." He also has the capacity to attract good people to his side, Jarvis said. He allowed that Clark is physically "tameless," and as "tame" as Trudeau and not a particularly good speaker. But, Jarvis concluded, "You will be proud of Joe Clark as your next prime minister." Peterson then, pecked up where Jarvis had left off and attacked Clark, but immediately changing his mind on issues. "I think making tough decisions and holding to them is the measure of leadership," argued Peterson.

As the meeting drew to a close, Peterson engaged in a shouting match with Ron Goss, a local apartment building dealer who was asking questions from the floor. Said Goss: "I'm a Liberal, but you've got to give that other man (Clark) a chance." But Goss's friend, Murray Wilkinson, a lawyer, disagreed. "It's time for a change, but I can't vote for Clark. He contradicts himself every day."

**London West:** This affluent, WASP riding in Southwestern Ontario has voted Liberal since it was formed in 1968. The incumbent, Treasurer Gordon Baskin, is highly respected locally but this riding on the Conservative list in Ontario. The Tories believe they can beat Baskin on the issue of the vote-Trudeau backlash. Baskin, known for discretion, is possibly a bit more liberal, one of a handful of party/News makes no mention at all of Trudeau and the word "Liberal" ap-

## The vast hurrah — not your usual gig

**"O" is what O'Connell** rock star Lee Del Bello kept saying. That she was standing next to Pierre Trudeau. Prime Minister and talk-show host Simon Tyton—both actors wearing Liberal red—and singing O'Connell. It was when I yearn to gig. Out there in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens (named to his father) as Trudeau said it was. In 1970, Trudeau's private sub-podcast indulging in carefully simulated Tru-schisms. About 70 buses had piled in from later in a 22-minute, all-kind 12,000 people had to be turned away at the gates and were only somewhat mollified when Trudeau emerged to give a quick speech from his limousine. Inside, party workers leading to be greeted for the campaign headquarters were pressed up by the rock of the Good Brothers, the ranch of the Downwood band and by Lila Del Bello's intriguing adolescent bristled decidedly trained in black lace, which featured ribbons to the strain of the "Misty" disco ball before the camp. "You're not even loud."

If the music weren't somewhat strident as was much of Trudeau's appeal to the people, there was no doubting the success of that week's big Liberalism—the biggest



Trudeau fronts Metro Toronto candidate in his Gardens for John A., a picnic

by far of the campaign. Toronto may be "as" as the Tories played last but when they kicked off last Liberal's week in the by-election, but the vast 335,000 hurrah certainly showed who can get the crowds

Trudeau's office the first week of the campaign, showed best organizations and kept workers of the streets for several nights. But the and noise would be known and voting day when so many a "white bench" of integration will translate into the ultimate language of votes.

Rabbits have been happily staged up since the 1880s when St. John A. MacDonald selected most of Torontoans out to the release grant of Markham on specially selected sites in the parish with police. Later, the Garlands were held in 1928, the rabbits were held among the ported estate of Murray Hall. Right through the 1940s, Princeton gives the bushes were rather light on entertainment and heavy on alcohol, an excellent platform to spread ideas. But with the advent of 1974 campaign reporting the news Toronto rally has become a big gamble and now only the Liberals like upholding Baskin's offer to all parties at a site right in the heart of the Maple Leafs. The Tories gave up trying to work Toronto in the show of the Queen's biker one, and the non-attached still Tarney Douglas somewhat less than the first Gardens in 1968. But the offer simply went 100th. Says Peter Lavery, a Liberal party supporter who has been involved in every rally since 1963, "The speaker's supposed nobody comes. The Liberal party is the only one with the guts to do this."

The Liberals haven't always been successful of course. In 1957, as Louis St. Laurent was momentarily blinded by stage

lights, a young man holding a poster lit into the stage and was about to knock him over the head with it when the chairman wrestled him to the ground, causing him serious injury and leaving him moribund all around in 1955 when organizers decided to get Pearson out to watch the "real" people were hanging out—in those days, the suburban Thriftway shopping place was given the honor since it was the largest indoor park in North America—the public address system related to work and ended up a wholly smooth run in front of Selwyn's. Pearson had to shoot through a balcony. Since then, however, that political appointment has adopted the system.

The stoke owners haven't forgot nor forgive the shock. And now Liberals will target this 6-point venue at 1974 when about 12,000 persons looked in the 21,000-seat Varsity Stadium and the one-and-a-half-acre arena was inevitably judged a flop—although the party called up a Metro that year anyway.

All of last week's professional nationalists doesn't compare with the outdoor landscape party given at the height of Trudeaumania in 1968 when the main arena alone had more than 40,000 people to Toronto's Nathan Phillips Square. Liberals have no trouble about giving the rank or going to the center of drawing the crowd now. As Fred put it, "I'd rather have you guys writing about how we fixed the place than about how we emptied it."

Angela Perreault

# The eleventh hour

ELECTION '79

By Robert Lewis

The networks left little to chance as Sunday's television debate approached, right down to laying on a backdrop generator in case of power failure. The three party leaders paid the same attention to detail as they disappeared from the headlines in scheduled Ontario to rehearse their remarks for a stark and severe. A potential audience of seven million—many undecided—awaited a showdown that could determine next Tuesday's election.

The seven long weeks of electioneering had left the candidates drained and, possibly on the eve of the great debate in Halifax, as a mildly weary Pierre Trudeau rang a town crier's bell, he paused dramatically after declaring, "For whom the bell tolls . . ." then recovered to continue: ". . . for Joe Clark, that's what." In Regina, Clark forgot where he was, stammering in the midst

of a speech, "Here in . . . here in . . ."

With one week to go, much had been debated, but little was settled. The basic themes were two years old.

● Liberals insist that the future of the country is the most important issue and that Pierre Trudeau is the only man with the solution.

● Conservative premier, after 11 years of Trudeau, is at a time for a change to Joe Clark and an untested team.

● New Democrats offer Ed Broadbent as a leader in a minority Parliament with a shopping list of programs on Canadian ownership, prices and the poor. It has been a campaign in which issues have been so fresh as the countryside from 30,000 feet. The role of nuclear power was not debated. The future of offshore oilfields, then disappeared as everyone rushed to embrace it. There were only brief forays about the RCMP, even as past Liberal ministers under oath asserted their ignorance of Security Service ineptness.

Strangely, when issues did cut, the other side seemed to neutralize them in

a burst of role-reversal. A case in point was whether Quebecers have the right to self-determination in a referendum. Clark, on record before the campaign that he would negotiate sovereignty-association with René Lévesque if he wins, denounced Trudeau as a showdown artist. Then Clark evoked midnight in Belfast by asserting that Quebec had no right to vote itself out of Canada.

Trudeau countered that a "yes" vote on a clear referendum question would lead to negotiations with Ottawa, although earlier he criticized Clark's willingness to negotiate. But he promptly fudged his stand by saying that Ottawa could not allow separation simply because Quebec voted to leave—which sounded a lot like Clark.

On the economic front, it was Clark who did the neutralizing. He vilified Trudeau for Liberal budget deficits and high spending—but wheedled as he tried to explain his plan for a "stimulative deficit" and promised more spending on new programs than Trudeau (see Maclean's, May 14).



years only in small print at the bottom.

To oppose Barbara, 49, the Conservatives have nominated lawyer John McGarry, 40. The New Democrats are running Fudky Mouson, 33, a community-college teacher, who is expected to finish third, a good perspective from which to view the battle. Her campaign tells her Buchanan and McGarry are neck-and-neck, and Trudeau and infatuation are two issues that are hurting the chances. But she also says voters raise national unity surprisingly often at the doorstep—a development that could help Buchanan—and bring up Joe Clark "over and over and over again," says Mouson. "They just can't imagine him as prime minister."

A BROWSE through McGarry's confirmed his observations. Said one woman: "I would vote for Judd, but I don't want Mr. Trudeau in there." A man asked McGarry if he was "one of the golden boys who is against capital punishment." McGarry pointed to the paragraph endorsing the death penalty in his campaign pamphlet and the man seemed satisfied. But then McGarry knocked on the door of Mrs. R. A. Janszky, who described herself as "very 50." Said she to the Conservative candidate: "I'm walking a tightrope. I have voted Liberal before but I think they've been in long enough. But I just don't like the way Joe Clark comes across." McGarry tried to reassure her, telling her he had had the same doubts until he had met Clark and seen him operate in private meetings. It is a practiced response and McGarry would use it again before the day was over. But

Reid (left) and Murray: the contest in Ontario is as evenly split as anywhere

Mrs. Jewell did not look reassured.

St. Catharines. This Niagara peninsula city is a part of the golden hope—she turned brown in recent years with plant closings that have driven the unemployment rate above the national average. Traditionally a swing riding, St. Catharines was won by the Conservatives in 1972 and the Liberals in 1974. But redistribution took some Liberal strength away and incumbent, Gilbert Parry, moved with it to the neighboring riding of Welland. In his place, the Liberals are running Bill Reid, 58, an oil-industry executive who lost his own, now riding in redistribution. A Ukrainian-born farmer, Andrew is making a strong pitch for ethnic votes in St. Catharines.

But he seems all at ease with urban issues and votes in general. His work-life attitude toward the unemployed does not go over especially well with union members in the riding, including the 8,000 old auto workers employed at the two General Motors plants. Their votes, many of which went to the Liberals in 1974 to keep out the Conservatives and wage-price controls, may go to the NDP this time. The NDP candidate is lawyer Peter Elliott, 58. He says he has moved into second place (the NDP came third in 1974) but concedes it would be a "bliss" if he was. The probable winner? "It will not be the Liberals," says Elliott. "That I guarantee."

The acknowledged front-runner is Conservative Joe Reid, 61, the dramatic former mayor of St. Catharines. He

says hanging in the No. 1 issue on the doorstep and, while he calls himself an abolitionist, he is in favor of a national referendum on the subject—a neat way of having your rope and eating it too. Ask Reid about Joe Clark and he emphasizes the subject. Says Reid: "The emphasis of our campaign is that Joe Reid knows St. Catharines best. Will Joe Reid survive Trudeau or will he not? That is the question. The only way we can win is to get people to switch votes [from Liberal to Conservative]. They are making the switch because of me."

To tip the balance in those and other ridings where the race is close, the three parties were pouring their money and their leaders into Ontario in the closing weeks of the campaign. For television advertising alone, the Conservatives plan to spend about \$800,000, the Liberals about \$450,000, the progressives the size \$250,000. The remainder of the three leaders also had a distinct Ontario bias in the final weeks as the parties grasped desperately for votes.

But all the fuss and fury may not matter. Bill Stansfield, head of the Conservative campaign in Ontario, sees the contest in Ontario as essentially 96 by-elections. "It is an election like this," he says, "it all boils down to the four soldiers." The two leaders, he believes, "ruled each other out." Senator Royce Frith, his Liberal counterpart, does not agree. Says Frith: "The final decision is going to be based on whom the voters think will be the next prime minister. And I don't think Clark has caught us as a potential prime minister." ☐

Trudeau and candidate Brian Fleming in Halifax Harbor: looking for a knockout



Trudeau and Clark did part on the popular Conservative proposal for tax deductions on mortgage interest and on a Conservative undertaking to sell off the state-owned Petro-Canada, which the liberals put forward as the final agency to buy oil from Venezuela and Mexico.

In the only foreign policy issue of the campaign there also was a split as Clark's promise to do with Israel and move the Canadian embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Confronted as a pitch for Jewish voters in other nations across the country, the policy switch was almost embraced by the Liberals when they learned of the Tory plan through their intelligence network. Trudeau, however, rejected the advice of senior campaign strategists. Ironically, last week in Toronto when he defended the decision, by arguing that countries with embassies in Jerusalem are "not significant nations," Trudeau overlooked Canada's own friend in Tel Aviv.

For his part, Broadbent railed about the failure of the other leaders to discuss issues—his, as it turned out—and ran into heavy breathing when he told French-speaking students in Quebec, Ontario, that national unity was not as important as the leaders agreed on the issue. In his midday speech in Toronto, he attacked a Liberal pledge to spend \$50 million on the steel mill—then proposed to triple the rate.

In his cameo role, Criticized Father Roy asserted the federalist party of the late Sir John Gaultier, then recruited Parti Quebecois members to run the election in the province. It was hardly surprising that when Trudeau arrived in Quebec country in late campaign, he inadvertently launched praise on an "Real Canadian."

Trudeau and Clark both did shake-ups with a dog along the campaign trail—and both made at least one today. But mainly they stole each other's themes and lines. Clark denounced Trudeau, said that Canadians wanted to know what leaders are for, not what they are against. But his party ran a vicious, negative ad campaign in Quebec that suggested that Trudeau is an economic criminal.

Meanwhile Trudeau, hobbled by an indifferent record of ecological cabinet governments, literally stood alone on stages across the land, in counterpart to Clark's team. Clark-like, he also called his candidates "builders." In the beginning, Trudeau invoked former Liberal prime minister Louis St. Laurent for his role in building the Canada pipeline, in the end, Clark promised a compromise administration.

*"The three of countries represented in Jerusalem, Buenos Aires, Colombia, Costa Rica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Jamaica, Panama and Uruguay."*



Clark in St. Catharines and Broadbent on Toronto's Bay Street. The risk-taker landed to obscure the shifting currents.

In the manner of Uncle Louis.

With the campaign drawing to a close, narrowly for undecided voters, the parties went back to something simple—leadership, with Liberals and Conservatives attempting, in effect, to turn the election into a referendum on Trudeau. "The man," Nova Scotia's Allan Rock, proclaimed, "is mainly about the man." Trudeau called Clark a "tumbler," a "weatherman" and "a man who will change his mind on just about anything." He claimed that Clark would give Canadian resources away to

the world and repeated continually: "Something you have to say to."

Clark resorted with an "image of a team player, capable of compromise with seven Tory premiers and proud of being a fraternal Conservative party. He also attempted to evoke Canadian perceptions of leadership by mocking Trudeau's moustache pose and by declaring that the Liberals have been "governing against the nature of the country." His mortgage de-factofitery scheme was aimed squarely at suburban voters—so was his virtual daily rant that declared Catherine groups for Ronald McDonald, king of the golden archways.

Broadbent, mindful of Clark's accusa-



tion that a vote for the NDP is a vote to keep Trudeau in power, was careful to attack both big party leaders with equal severity. One even ducked direct questions about which party he would support if Canada elects a minority government. Instead, he issued a shopping list that included price controls and Canadian ownership of resources.

The eleventh hour rhetoric tended to obscure the shifting currents of the long campaign. In the early weeks, a nervous Clark stumbled out of the gate on the cost of his promises, his Petro-Canada policy and confused statements about bringing multinational oil companies into line with Canadian interests. He sought to debate the other leaders almost brought charges of a "Bernie strategy" campaign and a "Bernie strategy" to keep the leader out of sight.

Trudeau, meanwhile, started aggressively. He sagged voters unconvinced about national unity as "almost unbearable" farmers as "complainants," western provinces as "selfish" and said demonstrators demanding jobs to "get off your ass." When he was accused of arrogance by his opponents, Trudeau dragged his leather-banking and started taking up Canada's favorable economic standing in a troubled world. In the early campaign he did manipulate the media (see story, page 4). Broadbent scored best, although he was campaigning at half the speed of the other leaders.

In the fifth and sixth weeks, the campaign came into focus. Clark's headlines took the wings off as he held a press conference and agreed to the televised debate. He also grabbed the headlines with statements on Quebec self-determination, Jerusalem and the Montreal-Trudeau was in a campaign. In the 26-hour period alone, the Liberal government of P.R.I. was overturned. Trudeau moved ahead about clinging to power even if the Tories won a few more votes and a poll showed the Conservatives ahead in southern Ontario and the lower mainland of B.C.

For a while last week, watching Trudeau in action seemed to confirm that he was a spent quest. Repeatedly he got his facts wrong—from the year of his election as prime minister to the month of this election—and his audience down. But was Trudeau in Christchurch, Trudeau sat glumly staring at the floor as he was being introduced and Bill Clark's Joe Coats stood off in the wings with toes in his eyes.

Clark seemed to be managing the political equivalent of using the puck in the closing minutes of the Stanley Cup with an on-goal lead. He was visibly more confident and even managed to reassure a plane load of critical reporters during an emergency landing in Toronto after

his Air Canada 767-400 lost an engine. Broadbent's campaign also came to life when the Toronto Star endorsed him, the first big paper to back the new man.

The Trudeau forces countered at midweek with a successful rally of 77,000 in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Trudeau spent most of the next two days writing two major speeches designed to shift the focus to national unity. In Toronto and Montreal, the Liberal leader proposed a scheme to immediately patriate the constitution, now lodged in West-

minster, with promises for a referendum if the provinces can't agree on a way to amend it.

With polls showing national unity low on the scale of interest in English Canada, Trudeau's patriotism card was a major gamble. As the debate approached, Trudeau looked like the bear in the movie *Booby*, the theme of which played in his rallies. It was round 13—and he desperately needed a knock-out punch.

## Campaign Notebook

It was pure coincidence, says the Toronto Star, that seven hours after last Wednesday's first edition hit the streets, new leader Ed Broadbent was being ushered into the photo arena of the Star's editorial board. That day, for the first time ever, Canada's 500,000 English-language newspaper sales, 377,000 Sundays had three official reports to the wire—a decision that was a year to the making, according to editorial page editor David.

For 80 years, the Star had urged its readers to vote Liberal during federal election campaigns, before switching to the Tories in 1972. Critics aboard Broadbent's campaign plane that morning immediately called the Star's support "a kiss of death" to the new leader, at first oblivious about the surprising news, eventually conceding that he was "delighted." Regard on by reporters and Broadbent jokingly speculated on the Star's next move—a series of headline romances about the new, above the heartbreak news as published by a company in the Toronto corporate fold.

A Mail-investing in Broadbent, Morris, Manitoba, last week posed an unusual challenge for Joe Clark—finding someone to talk to. With most of the town's 5,700 residents elsewhere and the waters rising, Clark had only a few municipal officials to chat up about the mood. He did not start the first-hand competition on one left-handed competitor from one non-refugee who said, "Trudeau was not the 1974 election. Clark was." One voted Conservative, one voted NDP—and the Liberal abstained.

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# 20! Count 'em! 20! Telltale ridings to watch!

In 202 ridings across Canada on May 16, voters will go to the polls with as many different motivations as there are there in a *Tchotchke* buffet. But Maclean's has compiled a montage of 20 ridings where the outcome of the voting will provide a strong indication of how the trend is moving nationally.

**Grand Falls-White, Rep-Liberal:** The NDP hopes to add to its one Newfoundland seat and is counting on cynicism about Grits and Tories because of prices and unemployment. The advance will have to come in this economic constituency, which includes miners, loggers and fishermen, and all of Labrador—not to mention a north-central pocket of the island itself. But the vote pattern favors Liberal incumbent William Rompagey over 21-year-old NDP challenger Bryan Blackmore, a lawyer since 1940 the Liberals have only lost the seat once.

**Quebec, Robert Stedfield's retirement:** has left a two-up to their party leaders. Lawyers Brian Fleming for the Liberals and George Cooper for the Conservatives led Nova Scotia support during the Trudeau and Clark leadership campaigns. While the NDP's respected Alexa McDonough is destined to increase the party's popular vote, perceptions of Trudeau and Clark will largely determine whether Fleming

or Cooper wins. Doubts in Upper Canada about Clark don't seem to be sticking down East.

**South West Nova, Independent Liberal/Guy Campbell:** is in trouble against PC Charles Halberton along the rugged coastline. Nova Scotia coast. The two candidates once dated—but they haven't talked much since Campbell married Halberton by 1,235 votes in 1974.

**Sault Ste. Marie, Conservative:** New Brunswick port city could swing from Grits to Tories. Liberal incumbent Mike Landers narrowly defeated St-Emile's Conservative veteran Tom Bell, of the PC, in 1974. Now, Landers is looking over his shoulder at Eric Ferguson, the PC with law's order on his lip. He was the chief of police.

**Moncton, Liberals:** stand a chance of picking up the seat vacated by anti-inflationist incumbent Leonard Jansen, an Independent. They came second in 1974. Their standard-bearer this time is clergyman Gary MacAuley, the challenger to Conservative Gary Wheeler, who resigned as mayor after a conflict of interest finding by the Supreme Court of Canada.

**Moncton—Riverview-Les Appelles:** A now south-shore St. Lawrence riding carried out two seats won in 1974 by a Liberal and a Christian. Now the two old war-horses—Liberal Benoit Desrosiers, first elected in 1963, and Chris-

tie Charles-Eugene Desrosiers, first elected in 1963—are squared off in the same ring. A good test of Christianite leader Pauline Roy's drawing power, if he can stay.

**The Maritimes:** Terry TV star André Paquette faces Quebec's right to vote for independence and admits his leader's stand against self-determination hurts him in an uphill fight against Liberal Jean-Claude Malgouyres (a former Liberal provincial member defeated by the Parti Québécois—in whose cabinet now sits Paquette's ex-wife, Lucie). Terry TV ads finding Pierre Trudeau "guilty" of economic crime have backfired, even in the east-central riding where 30 per cent of voters are unemployed or overemployed.

**New Brunswick West:** If the NDP is still alive in Metropolitan Toronto, the results will show here. Candidate John Hanney won the seat in 1972, then lost it '74 by only 1,604 votes to Liberal Alan Martin. The two now are back again, with PC Bill Waghams making it a three-way fight.

**St. Paul's:** A glimmer race of Toronto's downtown, anti-stacking set. Incumbent John Roberts, the Liberal cultural cut, and Conservative Sam Atkey, defeated in 1974 by Roberts, are voting the large Jewish vote. Both candidates admit their biggest problem is the image of their party leaders. As Pierre Trudeau and Joe Clark go, so does St. Paul's—and, conceivably, the country.

**St. John's:** Best known as the riding with Canada's reddest city, the west-mountain of Oakville. Two incumbents are running: Frank Philbrick, a doctor, for the Liberals and Otto Jelinek, a skater, for the Conservatives, who moved from a Toronto riding to chase the suburban

vote. There are swirling doubts about Clark's abilities, but it probably won't be enough to offset anti-Trudeau feelings. The Tories are not in suburban St. John's.

**St. John's West:** A riding that swings with the trends, it elected a Tory in the 1974 election. Years, backed the NDP through the minority period of Lester Pearson, switched to Trudeau in 1968, elected Conservative Thomas Burtin in 1972 and Liberal Guy MacPurman in 1974. MacPurman, who has been in the riding now against Burtin.

**Windsor-Warrenville:** Liberal Mark MacGillivray, the membership secretary Eugene Whelan and Herb Gray, is the favorite. But if the much-pollinated NDP alliance with big labor amounts to anything, it will have to show here, where the NDP placed second, 11.5 per cent of the vote behind MacGillivray, in 1974.

**St. Boniface:** It went Tory in last fall's by-election, but the new riding has more French-speakers, which helps Liberals. But aging battles over all-French schools in largely English suburbs may tip the balance in favor of incumbent Jack Hare over Liberal Robert Boivin.

**Winnipeg-Fort Garry:** Across the Red River from St. Boniface, Liberal Lloyd Axworthy is in a tight race with Conservative Sidney Spivak, former provincial cabinet minister. Axworthy faces hostility about bilingualism and reservations about Trudeau. Jim Richardson, who vacated the seat after quitting Trudeau's cabinet because of language policy, has backed Spivak.

**Prince Albert:** Now claims that John Diefenbaker is as trouble some outrageous—especially with the sentiment attaching to the possible last berth for the Chief, now 81.

**Assiniboia:** The best of several three-way Saskatchewan races, the rural seat along the U.S. border (its incumbent Liberal Ralph Goodale) against the most he defeated in 1974, winner Bill Knight. PC Len Gustafson, a rancher, is running strong in Tory turf around his home in Moose. The national leaders are not but rimes down on the land. Knight is counting on the backing of popular Premier Allan Blakeney and the new provincial machine to speak up the middle.

**Medicine Hat:** Once represented by Liberal Red Olson. The Liberal candidate is wealthy agri-business Jim Wilfong, respected even by his Conservative opponent, Bert Hargrave, a big-time rancher and PC livestock specialist in the last Parliament. But in all-blue Alberta, the money is on Hargrave to win in a trot—and on Jack Warner to lose his deposit in the neighboring riding of Crowfoot.

**Calgary-Southern:** Donnie Patton's old Tory seat is now held by Con-

servative Nilsaver Len Marchand (ousted by the PCs Don Carmichael). If the Tories are going to pick up interior seats, Marchand's will be one to watch. Trudeau, given a last-appeal visit this week.

**New Westminster:** Known best to the outside world for riots at the BC P.N.A. capital punishment is a key issue, because PC candidate Mary Gregory is such a vocal proponent. Her challenger, Pauline Jewett, ex-Simon Fraser University president and former Liberal MP, is an abolitionist. In 1974 Gregory came within 304 votes of

defeating Nilsaver. Don Carmichael, who last week won in the BC election.

**Vancouver East:** An NDP-Liberal fight, the seat was once held by New Democrats, now is Liberal. The national campaign will be important but the key question, throughout BC, is whether the NDP can move its 40 per cent of last week's provincial vote into federal ridings like Vancouver East. If the election is close, eastwarders will be watching well after midnight May 22.



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# Jack Horner and other feudin' foes



Given the leader-is-everything comparisons of the three main parties, it is somewhat refreshing to learn that certain enemies have met on the battlefield of Pierre Trudeau, Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent. Indeed, they are coming into their own, taking on all comers in a campaign-style reversion of what some would recall fondly as old-fashioned, zero-sum two-leader-party politics. Mackenzie's dispatched correspondents, for long hunkers at three of Canada's most colorful fights.

In an open letter to his Alberta constituents in February, industry Minister Jack Horner noted that it had been two years since his decision to even the field and join the Liberal party. "It is a decision that I have not, for one moment, regretted," Horner wrote. Judging by the pace of his campaigning since the election call, Horner is determined to make his decision stick with constituents in the new Crawford riding. And if various polls taken since his defection from the PCs indicate that voters regret the move, Horner is under no illusion. He is fighting the campaign the way he used to play hockey when he was a hard-fighting defenseman for the Regina Pats. As former teammate Bob Macdonald, now an MP, once wrote, recalls it, "He [Horner] was big and strong and knew what the game was all about. They didn't mess around with him."

Conservative MP Arnold Maltin, however, is in fact, moving around with Horner, putting as much time and work as Horner into the battle. The Crawford riding has been organized to a

pitch never before seen in east-central Alberta. To be the 32,000 voters, spread over 36,500 square miles (bounded on the west and south by the Red Deer River, on the east by the Saskatchewan border), both men have hired a raft of full-time help (five for Maltin, five for Horner), opened a series of campaign offices (three for Maltin, three for Horner) and have taken to television morning, noon and night. Although cabinet duties kept Horner away from the riding more than he liked until the campaign started, his workers have been pushing out hats, bumper stickers, buttons and T-shirts at far behest for the past couple of years.

The new riding takes in about 60 per cent of the voters in the old Battle River riding, held by rookie Maltin since 1974. Maltin, up at 5 a.m. recently for a TV interview, is paying particular attention to the riding's southern end, which was in Horner's old Crawford riding. Horner, in turn, is concentrating on the north, Maltin's territory.

Voters seem to be fascinated by the battle and are jumping election fever through the riding. "Rural people tend to attend these things better than city people because they're closer to what's happening," says Berda Fowler, editor of *The Canadian Reader*. "But there's never been higher interest in an election here. It's really keen." Although the crowds have been generally good-natured, a forum in Stettin, which drew 400, erupted into caucals and horrida. Maltin, whose temper is notorious, held his patience and carried on.

Whatever the national issues, Crawford voters are mostly interested in abandonment of railway lines, capital punishment, gun control laws that hamper their paper-shooting efforts, and what they call "metric madness." Horner and Maltin have been tackling these issues at coffee parties and forums, on Main Street tours and door-to-door canvassing. Although the Grits did not win a single seat in Alberta in the past two federal elections, Horner clearly hasn't conceded the fight. The politician who once wanted to be a professional hockey player is campaigning as he once skated, going over anybody on the ice trying to score.

**Staggered Zwartas**

Until this election campaign, the town of Grassy, Quebec, was known, if at all, for its zoo. But now the zebras and cougars seem as dull as sloths beside the exotic menagerie stalking the voters of Grassy and the surrounding riding of Stouffville, a short safari 50 miles southeast of Montreal.

The constituency is traditionally Creditiste hub, instead of an old-time, tankard-bulging Gompagone, the party is running a charlatan, Marcell Audette, who, before intently charging to Social Credit green for the May 22 vote, was an active *Paganite*.

The bounded king of this political game is sitting Mr. Gilbert Roudas who, like the dominos of Grassy Zoo, spent part of the campaign behind bars. Roudas was convicted in April of \$71,000 worth of unemployment insurance fraud. After a week in Crowsville

Jail, he appealed and was released on bail so he could file his nomination as an independent candidate. The 31-year-old insurance agent by trade was first carried to the Commons in 1982 as first-son on the fresh tidal waves of Riel Causette but was forced out of the Social Credit caucus in 1987 when an RCMP investigation uncovered his agency's scheme to redistribute the public wealth the so hired workers for his Ottawa office, only to find them as soon as they qualified for unemployment insurance. A year later, Roudas was convicted of arson for having one of his well insured properties set on fire and sentenced to six months pending his appeal. Roudas had already been fined \$5,000 for consulting supporters to make illegal political contributions.

All of that makes his challenges draw the kynes at feeding time and, with the traditional Social Credit clientele expected to divide their loyalties among Roudas, the bare-against Creditiste Audette and Conservative Gerald Scott, the fastest scrapper of all may turn out to be the Liberal's 32-year-old son Jean Lapierre. Joe Clark did venture delicately into the riding to help out his candidate but the PC leader was forced to play Daniel in the lion's den when his grand son from French neo-English was gravely down by what was supposed to be Conservative loyalists at an evening wine and cheese party where there was too little cheese and too much wine. Still, the Conservatives hope to scoop up most of the droppings from Roudas's judicial mishaps.

Roudas's stint as a puffed out, how-

ever, his political career a needed new mission: prison reform. Instead of shrewdly ignoring his entanglement in the net of the law, Roudas wants it, even making a photo of himself in leg locks the centrepiece of his campaign leaflet. Roudas has, Roudas argues, are denouncing and inhuman. There is a solid constituency for such talk in Grassy but it is unlikely to do the much good until Parliament decides to extend universal suffrage to griffins and chimpereans.

**David Thomas**

Shortly after announcing the findings of a federal report on juvenile delinquency in Vancouver last week, a crud but resolutely elegant Iona Car-

**Falcon in a Prince Rupert sports car**



pagine had from a press conference. "I've got a meeting in Terrace." Later, it has been a typical visit for the hyperactive minister of state for fitness and amateur sport. Since arriving in the northwestern B.C. riding of Skeena and the Vancouver point was only the third day spent outside of the riding since the federal election was called. Ever since he knocked off a recipient MP member, Frank Howard, by 3,500 votes in 1974, the site has been clamoring for a rematch in that labor-oriented riding.

Up against the key grandmother in protection officer Peter J. Falson, Broadbent and given to tough-left comments, Falson, 35, affixes a miter with no telephone. The grandson has one installed of elected and has been campaigning flat out for two years, bounding down dirt roads in a purple pickup ("a Prince Rupert sports car") with a bumper-cannon on the back. Campaigning, 46 and divorced, is well known through Prince Rupert civic politics ("The Skeena River runs in my veins"). She is generally modified with being a timeless warrior for the riding who would be a shoe-in if not for the burden of Pierre Trudeau. Oddly, her husband's dollar smile with Falson's has had little impact in Skeena. Following pickup personalities, Campaigns, who is often called the Mary Tyler Moore of the north-west because of her cheery Liberal defenses of the Canadian economy. Also her setback strategy by chartered bush plane.

Generally touted as a two-party race, Skeena has other contenders including Terry Rod Gosses, 36, a former bank employee and generally impressive campaigner who recently pronged one prominent local Tory to conclude, "I thought of that my getting elected keeps me awake nights." Terry Gosses are further doped by redistribution which lapped a solid Conservative vote off the entire end of the riding.

Voter concern centres largely on local issues, especially high seasonal unemployment, a shaky transportation network and increasing Japanese control of the West Coast fishing industry. Campaigns has gained points by skillfully ignoring federal culpability and blaming an unpopular B.C. provincial government for most of the sin. Falson has been powerfully aided by former MP and recently elected provincial MLA Frank Howard and the slightest effort of an unsuccessful but spirited provincial campaign team. According to a senior B.C. Liberal, Campaigns "is making a record."

**Thomas Hopkins**

Roudas (right) with future prisoners. The top image, protected ideas for prison reform.

## The man who put to rest the ghosts of election past

It was an election dominated by ghosts. As British Columbia's 40th-10th voters went to the polls last Thursday, they were charged with accepting one of two visions of the past. In one, fostered by Premier Bill Bennett, of the provincial Social Credit party, Doug Barrett's 1970-1975 NDP government had been a "wrecking crew" that left the province's finances in a shambles. In the other, fostered by Barrett, charges of economic mismanagement during those years were exaggerated but mistakes had been made and the NDP was humbly asking the B.C. voters for a second chance.

Barrett's vision won. In a watershed race that ended two-party politics in B.C., Bennett and his Socialists squeaked back into office with 30 seats in the 57-seat House, down from the 35 they captured in 1970. The NDP picked up 26, narrowing the Social lead from 27 in 1970 to five. Provincial Tories and leaders Vic Stephens, subjects of much publicity in a scrap with their federal cousins, never recovered and were shut out as were the mid-back provincial Liberals. The seven per cent of the vote registered by the Liberals in 1975 amounted almost to the rise. The result was that Barrett's troops boasted a healthy 40 per cent of the popular vote compared with 48 per cent for the winning Socialists, not enough for the NDP to win but enough to cause sober second thoughts in the Social camp.

It was a race that saw the tapping of three cabinet ministers as well as the surprising near-defeat of last-year Minister of Municipal Affairs Bill Vander Zanden. In a contest that surprised some, former federal and later provincial cabinet minister, Jack Dames, overtook last September of defunding his own provincial government of \$1.074, secured a convincing victory as did popular former federal NDP MP Rita Leggett.

Although there were intonations of what one Tory candidate called "spinball" B.C. politics, it was an oddly lacklustre campaign. Bill Bennett began his \$1.6-million campaign with the bait of a recently announced budget that included a tax-cutting package and a decision to set the 1984 for a provincial race. He started with the federal one, trying to stretch the resources and target confusion in Tory and NDP ranks. But in short order he saw his initial chosen ones, a defense of his free-trade stance



Barrett (top) and Bennett. "Either this SWARTZ campaign or the standard."

grooming of the assets of the provincially owned B.C. Resources Investment Corporation and a would-be standstill with the federal government over the control of natural resources, struggle from lack of interest. In what one local observer called "either the swartest campaign in the world or the dumbest," Bennett ducked a televised debate with Barrett and chose to spend the early portion of the race pouring tea for the elderly ladies in the Okanagan while

Barrett scored with charges that Bennett was a plastic man "full of secrets." But the spectre of a late race wage also neutralized the Socialists' feared enemy conspiracy among the faithful.

Meanwhile, Barrett's skillful campaign adopted a tone of sweet reason in what the both parties believe a race for the middle. He acknowledged that his government had moved too fast, a point he emphasized by reaching behind to his ample posterior, saying, "I have the scars to prove it." Bennett was not impressed. "Categorically, that tack did not work," says Tony Hopkins, president of a Vancouver mortgage house, Odium Brown & T.B. Reid. Major NDP points were scored, however, by attacking the Socialists' austerity move of a five-per-cent ceiling on professional health costs and raising the threat of medical service cutbacks. But it was the battle of the ghosts that was decisive. Barrett wanted to put his administration to rest, Bennett wanted to dig it up. Clearly the B.C. voter was not convinced that the Barrett they booed out in 1975 had learned his lesson. "We failed to allay the fears that we couldn't run the planet stand," says Joyce Nash, B.C. federal campaign co-ordinator.

Speaking in the steaming hallways of the Indian Cultural Centre in East Vancouver after the election, Barrett said he would not meet with his cousins to make any decisions on his future until after the May 22 federal election. Leaders believe the lack of a clear successor, the closeness of the race and the skill of the Barrett campaign will delay any sudden departure. Of more immediate concern was the federal vote and, from the podium, Barrett raised the cry for a dozen NDP seats from B.C. (they now hold two). The challenge was met with a bony, rambling cheer—a cheer that was chilling to several Liberal candidates led in the increasingly martial British Columbia race.

Thomas Hopkins

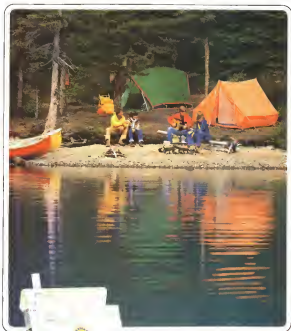


# The Nova Scotia Vacation Guide 1979



**NOVA SCOTIA**

International Gathering  
of the Clans - page 2



**Player's** *Light*

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The French at the fabulous Fort

ress Louisbourg, the English, with The Citadel and its commanding view of Halifax harbour. You can also visit the re-constructed Habitation, near Digby, built by Champlain in 1604.

Everywhere in Nova Scotia there

are museums, forts, old farms, settler's homes, crowded with memories and mementos of the earliest days, even before Canada became a nation.

A vacation in Nova Scotia is a history lesson, a geography lesson, but most of all, a whole lot of fun.

## Easy to reach, hard to leave.

The easiest way to get here is to fly, direct to Halifax, and then rent a car. (Check Air Canada's Charter Class and special "Shore Canada" rates.) Flying lets you spend all your vacation in vacation country.

If you prefer to drive, there's a

4-way choice. Take Canada all the way to Amherst in one route. Or you can come by road and sea. CN Marine can bring you across the Bay of Fundy from Saint John (NB) to Digby, or from Bar Harbor (Maine) to Yarmouth. There's also a 10-hour

luxury cruise from Portland (Me) to Yarmouth aboard MS Combs.

We have superb, multi-lane highways, but we recommend you take to the byways. Discover the real Nova Scotia. Meet the people. Enjoy the country and the seaside. You may never want to go home!



## Seven vacations in place of one.

Nova Scotia is a 21,825 square mile western land, and almost surrounded by the sea. Although it's not a large area, you'll be amazed by the many differences in scenery and lifestyle. To make it easier to plan your Nova Scotia vacation, we've divided the province into seven distinct regions.

**Cape Breton** is green highlands and deep, dappled valleys. Spectacular scenery especially along the shore. And a very special breed of people.

Rock-aways know all about our **Fundy Shore**, where you can beachcomb for agates and sixth-sense, explore the fossil fields and cliffs. And meet some very friendly people.



If it's sandy beaches you're after, head for our **Northumberland Shore** region. They go for miles and miles, a clean white fringe to the warmest sea-water north of the Carolines.

Lush green farmlands, orchards, and neat little towns are features of the fertile **Annapolis Valley**. You can pick your own fruit and vegetables for picnics under the sun.

The **South Shores** region offers a complete change of pace. Old ship-building towns, fishing villages, sleepy coves. And just when you're ready, a sea-washed beach, just for you.

A Nova Scotia visit wouldn't be complete without spending some

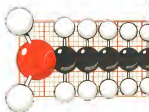
time in the twin cities of **Halifax and Dartmouth**. They face across the great natural harbour, and offer you all the city sights and delights. But in our unique old-and-new style. There's a very active night-life, too.

When you leave Dartmouth, head for the **Eastern Shore**, and discover a natural, unspoiled sportland. If you've ever wanted to go fishing, canoe and indulge yourself. Fresh-water, or deep-sea.

In Nova Scotia you can play golf and tennis, you can swim, scuba-dive, sail, you can rent a canoe, or something bigger. You can browse and shop, or just lie on the beach, breathe the salt-fresh air, and take life easy and easy.



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 Area: 21,425 square miles  
 Coastline: 4,825 miles  
 Paved roads: 5,706 miles  
 Speed Limits: 100 kph (65 mph)  
 Time Zone: Atlantic/1 hour ahead of Eastern Standard  
 Capital City: Halifax (founded 1749)

35 46 ↑

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AIR CANADA 

## Table talk.

You can eat plain or fancy in Nova Scotia, but be prepared for appetites to be kinder. It's the good fresh air that does it!

You can lunch on a bowl of creamy sea-food chowder, with home-made bread. For dinner, keep a look-out for church and community suppers. You'll often find lobster on the menu, and fresh strawberry shortcake is a favourite

dessert. These suppers are a social event as much as a meal, and you'll find yourself very welcome.

When you want something fancier, our resorts and major hotels offer superb meals. There is also a fine selection of first-class restaurants in various parts of the province, catering to the most sophisticated palates.

While you are here, don't miss the

chance to try some of our regional specialties, from recipes handed down through generations: Selesten Gandy Rappin Pie, Apple Kaddy Pudding.

And after dinner, you'll find discos and nightclubs in the cities, dances and concerts in the smaller centres. Play all day, play all night. After all, you are on holiday!

## Browsing and buying.

Nova Scotia has always been home to artists and crafts-people. Today, in addition to our world-renowned quilters, wood-carvers, and apple-doll makers, you'll find

weavers and potters, pewtermiths, jewellers, glass-blowers, painters and sculptors.

When you are looking for souvenirs of your Nova Scotia vaca-

tion, you're often welcome to wander through the studios and workshops.

There's little doubt you'll be taking home something more than just wonderful memories.



# International Gathering of the Clans.

On June 20, in Halifax, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother will officially open the 2nd International Gathering of The Clans.

And from then until August 12, it's highland flings and festivals and fun all across Nova Scotia. Naturally, many of the twenty-three major events will take place in Cape Breton and the Northumberland Shore regions, the traditional centres of Scottish culture and heritage.

The Scots are gathering from all

over the world, and you are welcome to join in the festivities. There'll be Ceilidhs (pronounced kayless), with music, singing and dancing; Highland Dancing, Scottish Fiddlers, Regattas, Lobster Suppers, Lamb Barbecues.

Plan to attend some of the Highland Games. Antigonish claims the oldest Highland Games in North America, and in addition to regular track and field events, you'll see hammer throwing and tossing the caber. You are invited to the Pipers'

Picnic and the Festival of the Tartan, and the annual Nova Scotia Gaelic Mòd at Gaelic College, St. Ann's, Cape Breton.

This summer, the skirl of the pipes will sound through the land, and the beat of the drums will stir your heart. If you have just a wee drizzle of Scottish blood in your veins, head for Nova Scotia, and join in The Gathering.

Cind Mile Paite, a hundred thousand welcomes!



# Reserve a great vacation.

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There are over 150 of Canada's finest campgrounds for tents and trailers, a full range of motels and hotels. For the ultimate in luxury,

take a break at one of our deluxe resorts. For a taste of the simple life, take the family for a Farm Vacation.

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**Weather Forecast:** Average summer temperature is 22°C day/13°C night. Ideal for vacationers. It can get hotter inland, especially in The Valley, but sea-breezes usually cool things down in the evening. Just right for a good night's sleep.

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U.S.A.

## Just in case the crisis is real

Faced with a long, hot summer of gasoline lineups, the people of the United States last week got more bad news about the "energy crisis" which they feel to understand and will not accept. As Congress withheld from President Jimmy Carter authority to order rationing, a frustrated nation was also confronted by dollar-a-gallon fuel, a profits ripoff by the oil companies and a politically divided Washington which did not seem to know what to do.

All eyes were on California, where Governor Jerry Brown unveiled the country's first rationing plan, allowing motorists to buy gasoline on an "odd-even" basis depending on the last digit on their license plate. Admitting that the plan was "very strong medicine," the governor cited the extremely short supplies and often even shorter lines of drivers as reasons for his measure.

There was no lack of evidence early in the week. California's traditional laid-back cool seemed to have been replaced by ruthless greed as gas lines—especially in the southern part of the state, where there are more than four million cars out of a nationwide 117 million—snaked around block after block. In Los Angeles, two hefty men tried to strong-arm a gas station attendant into letting them jump the queue. Bready and short-tempered, he sprayed them with gasoline and took out some matches. "Get out or I'll turn you into toasts," he threatened. They left. Another less aggressive pump attendant was less lucky. After a dispute over payment a customer resorted with a rifle and wounded him in the wrist.

A woman who tried to siphon gas out of her motorboat and into her car with a vacuum cleaner was seriously burned when an electrical spark ignited the fuel. And a grey-haired, grandfatherly figure took a tire iron out of her trunk and smashed the windows of a car trying to sneak into line.

By week's end, some calm had returned and the lines seemed shorter. But if Brown's rationing plan had won out, Carter's was struggling on the floor of the Senate. Eventually it was bogged down by the president's men, led by Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson. But the House wrangled with the bill late



\*The U.S. enters a new phase of the crisis.

Motorist hit by car in lineup (top), web of gas car getting pushed (center) and spare gas containers, strong medicine.



Broken signs line all areas on California

late Thursday night before turning it down. Congressmen were more concerned with reporting as much fuel as possible for the individual states than with the option of solving a national energy crisis. Carter's primary, it was thought, would be to allocate the fuel on a gasoline rationing system, with the amount of gasoline depending on the number of cars and the normal amount of fuel used. But representatives from rural areas refused to be coaxed or cajoled by promises that the president wouldn't shut down the agricultural community or areas where people must drive long distances to work.

A major factor in all that was the reluctance of Americans to believe there really is an energy shortage. Said representative Norman Mineta of California, "The public feels it's getting ripped off." It may be so. While dollar-a-gallon gas was already a fact in parts of California, New York City, Chicago and Hawaii, gasoline stocks as of May 4 were reported substantially lower than last year while refining capacity was reported running at only 83.6 per cent.

So, few people were disposed to believe Energy Secretary James Schlesinger's denial that the petroleum industry was slacking down to drive prices up. There was more bad news on oil prices at week's end when Saudi Arabia cut the amount of oil it sells direct to U.S. companies and Iran announced a 38-per-cent raise from May 15. Even without that new increase, the United States paid nearly 20-per-cent more for energy in the first quarter of 1973 than in the same period of 1972.

What Carter would like is for Congress to pass the badly debated "windfall" profits tax on oil companies which would provide additional funds for beefing up mass transit and developing other energy sources—to say nothing of keeping oil prices down when controls on domestically produced oil start being phased out on June 1. There again, however, the president has Senator Edward

Kennedy in his path. Along with Senator Jackson, Kennedy wants price controls sustained and, according to the latest polls, the public is on his side. A vote is not expected on the "windfall" tax for months and, as *The New York Times* put it, "Anyone willing to predict the outcome of this political maelstrom could only be labelled reckless."

As for the flailing, the outlook was uncertain. While a "shocked and embarrassed" House was challenged by the House's "broad" leadership to come up with something better, voting to impeach (or not impeach) a president himself, White House sources said that somewhere along California's term was possible and several state governments were also looking at the idea. All in all, the United States seemed likely to have most of a long hot summer to reflect on the vote warning of Speaker Teas. "The O'Neill who told the House that voting against Carter's reelection plan would be the same as voting against the draft before World War II

## Hoffa, the Mafia and a Dallas day

**T**he attendance of the nurse, Lee Harvey, was shiffling. But when Raymond Lee Harvey, 35, makes his expected court appearance in Los Angeles this week on charges of conspiring to kill President Jimmy Carter, the chances are that all eyes will be on Washington where, also this week, a government committee is to publish its final report on the assassination of John F. Kennedy by, most now believe, Lee Harvey Oswald.

The committee is said to have found "significant indications" that the Mafia and former Transients' president Jimmy Hoffa were behind the 1963 murder. Leads from staff members say the report will name mobsters Carlos Marcello of New Orleans and Santos Trafficante of Miami as being involved. Marcello is regarded by crime experts as one of the most powerful Mafia bosses in the country. Though in his 70s he still runs a New Orleans organization that is said to take in more than \$1 billion a year.

The link between the former president's murder and the mob is said to be Cuba. Before the revolution, the Mafia controlled a network of vice and gambling rackets in Havana. But when Castro came to power in early 1959 he closed the casinos and jailed or banished their owners. That infuriated the mobsters—especially Marcella's ally, Santos Truffesse, whom Castro imprisoned.

Davidson under arrest, but not for Keweenaw.

Tradeoffs and Minicuts were the pillars of the southeast wing of the crime syndicate and Cuba was vital to its operations. No sooner had Castro driven them out than Kennedy's brother, Robert, began an all-out campaign to bar them from the U.S. At one point he had Minicuts deported to Guatemala without giving the crime boss time even to pick up a suitcase. But Minicuts' partner, the well-travelled Jimmy Hoffa, was less targeted by Kennedy's investigation on fraud and narcotics allegations.

Compelled with much high drama, the supposed plot to kill Carter (which as far as anyone can tell is totally unconnected) has about as much believability as a high-school play. Harvey claims the plot was hatched in a shed near his hotel and that he was supposed to create a diversion with a starter's pistol while three other men shot at the president. In any event, Samast-Servino was arrested long minutes before Carter arrived for a California celebration. Another man has also been arrested and may make a court appearance this week.

If he does, the long arm of coincidence will really have been working overtime—for alongside Raymond Lee Harvey would be arraigned one Oswald (Oswald) Otto Espinosa ☐



## World

# Thatcher's first big four

**I**f her first week in power was any indication, Margaret Thatcher will be a busy prime minister. She has hardly moved into 50 Downing Street when she called in four key

Then she moved swiftly to fulfil her first campaign promise of more law and order by raising salaries of the armed forces by 32 per cent and policemen by 20 per cent. She held top-level meetings with Irish Premier Jack Lynch and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, and had her first weekly audience with the Queen. Thatcher seemed to thrive on the activity—little wonder that Number 10 was quickly renamed "Mazda's den."

The pace is unlikely to let up this week, with the Queen's speech at Tuesday's reopening of Parliament to be prepared. Observers were predicting Thatcher would make a relatively cautious blueprint for government, probably promising quick allocation of special funds for secret ballots for striking workers voting on strike decisions and refusal to the Employment Protection Act to make firm rules for the closure of cabinet — in his balance of right-wing monetarists and moderate middle-readers — in any indication. Thatcher does not lack pragmatism, and her first budget, expected in June, is likely to be radical. In the next few months, her names in her cabinet are liable to come up often.

So Keith Joseph, 61, industry secretary and chief policy adviser to the Tory party since 1975, is a highly strung intellectual with right-wing monetarist beliefs. A desperately shy person to whom the handshaking rituals of the knittings are anathema, he recently refused to venture into a crowded supermarket in search of scones—"It's full of customers!" His solution to Britain's ills where high unemployment and low productivity concentrate on the human being as a consumer, those jobs will multiply. He will no doubt look sternly on make-work schemes.

James Finner, 51, employment secretary, is, fortunately for Thatcher, a born bridge-builder and the Tory boss liked his trade associates with whom he

## World

### Thatcher's first big four

Hopkins says, hunger and disease are the legacy of deprivation. Hard to hand the reins of a child's life, man his health and shatter his hopes. Faced in by poverty, a child like Mauricio is denied access even to the tools with which he could make his escape. Educators, and thus any hope of betterment, is beyond the reach of children like Mauricio. When parents' meagre income is stretched to its limit by the demands of food and shelter, education is an affront of luxury.

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MAY 2021



Carrington, Whitelaw and Pinar (from left) moved swiftly to halt the first phase.

must now deal. As a former from an East Anglian farming past, he has done much to repair the party's rift with the voters after the fateful clash between former prime minister Edward Heath and the voters.

Lord Carrington, 59, foreign secretary, is the most experienced minister, having first held junior ministerial office under Churchill in 1951. He is a blend of an aggressive politician and a man of letters, but he has made a name for himself as a man of letters, personally modest and a lover of bureaucracy. Carrington is likely to show his political conservative style over the Rhodesian internal settlement. He has little sympathy with the left-and-right arguments, and believes the future of southern Africa lies with the blacks.

William Whitelaw, 69, home secretary, has been deputy leader of the Conservative Party since 1970. Avaricious, self-opinion and shrewd behind a sleepy appearance, Whitelaw is liberal on most matters, including union relations, but tough on law and order. Six years after being Northern Ireland secretary, he still holds a personal desire to be a peacekeeper in Ulster. Whitelaw, large and full of bonhomie, is a former old handover from the northern border country.

Angela Pinar

## Washington

### SALT II: a long way from over

The document covered more than 180 white, lined-up pages, each stamped SECRET. In all there were 70 "agreements" or "understandings." But despite that lavish testimony to international harmony the SALT II (Strategic Arms) treaty signed in last week by the United States and Soviet Union after seven years of to-ing and

foing was only the beginning of a new round of strife. The difference was that this time the infighting was not between the two superpowers but in the United States Senate, where the lines were drawn for a bitter struggle over ratification.

Significantly, while President Jimmy Carter was describing the agreement as "a momentous" and the leader of the Senate's liberal wing, Edward Kennedy, was basking in "historic achievement," hawkish opposition Senator Jack Garn was talking about a "serious mistake." And although the treaty left both superpowers with enough armor to annihilate each other and most of the rest of the world, Carter was given only a 30-50 chance of persuading senators to endorse his signature after a June 15 agreement with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev in Vienna.

The U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency lists the current nuclear forces of the United States and the Soviet Union as follows:

United States: 2,000 launchers (intercontinental missiles, sea-launched missiles and long-range bombers) = 72 million pounds in total warhead weight = 4,500 warheads

Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin (left) with U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance Senate floor director for a bitter struggle



The Soviet Union: 2,500 launchers = 301 million pounds in total warhead weight = 4,500 warheads

It was this apparent disparity and doubts whether Soviet compliance with a treaty could be verified, that had the Senate at loggerheads. But while the Soviet Union clearly has more explosive power, the U.S. delivery systems are far more likely to hit the target. Moreover, the treaty provided for an eventual (by 1981) limit of 2,250 strategic weapons launchers. So the Soviets would have to break up about 250 launchers while the U.S. could actually add about 200. In addition, the way would be paved for a

solely at treaty which would lead to a reduction in both sides' arsenals.

But that depended on Senate ratification and while few members were expected to oppose the treaty outright for fear of being labeled "warmongers," opponents were set to amend it to death. The treaty took account of the fact that it needs only a majority vote to amend the treaty but two-thirds—67 votes if all 100 senators are present—for ratification. As of last week, treaty critics believed they had spread of 35 votes, enough to prevent ratification but not enough to add amendments. For its part, the White House calculated it had between 45 and 58 votes for the treaty—not enough to ratify, but possibly enough to prevent amendments.

Carter was warning at week's end that Senate rejection would be "a serious disaster" to the world peace and might push other nations into developing nuclear arsenals. Among the 10 or 12 candidates he mentioned were Pakistan, India, Taiwan, South Korea and South Africa. He didn't need to say what the effect on Soviet-American relations would be.

William Leather

## South Africa

### Passing judgment on the children

Handfuls of black South Africans found outside a tiny courtroom in suburban Johannesburg last Friday for news of "the children"—11 students convicted of sedition recently on the grounds that they were ringleaders in the Soweto disturbances of 1976 and 1977.

For seven months Mr. Justice Bhek W. Dyk had led to a prosecution conviction that the historic upheaval in South Africa's most notorious black ghettos had been masterminded by a handful of conspirators between the ages of 15 and 21, while the defense maintained they were merely the product of deep-seated grievances against



Four of the Soweto 17 in courtroom photo

an educational system that, in 1975, spent an average of \$115 on each white pupil against only \$62 per black.

Outside the courtroom, Rev. Stephen Motswagole, an Anglican minister in Soweto, was an observer whose assessment was correct: "These are only a few of more than 30,000 children who are kept in a detention system against an awful educational system the government was trying to make worse by introducing Africans [Cape Dutch], as a large group of instructors," he said. "These 11 are scapegoats."

Inside the courtroom, Van Dyk was in the process of reducing the number to four. After sentencing onlookers by al-

lowing photographers and TV crews to get shots of the 11 writhing and clenching their fists in black-power salutes, he ordered seven of the students released on five-year suspended sentences. The other four, one woman, got sentences ranging from two to four years. The judge said they had shown no remorse and, when temporarily mislead from detention, had continued to organize protests. No evidence had been produced to show any of them had actually participated in violent behavior, but the judge said that to prove sufficiency it was sufficient to show a defendant had as-

sured in economic malaise—has developed a sensible program for change, signed contracts on multinational corporations, protection against price fluctuations for Third World commodities that have spiraling prices, begun to build roads, there and to the poorest of the poor, and a greater share in carrying the world's shipping cargo.

In Manila, however, the bulk of the group's energies was channeled into pulling down the protective barriers it claims have strangled trade with the West. Having been attacked by the West to set up industry rather than depend on foreign aid handouts. Third World countries are now out of time Western markets. That way by inflating industries that lobby for barriers, since they cannot compete. By dropping barriers, the Group of 77 argues. Western governments would in effect be prying out economic advantage and could not employ the resulting throngs of unemployed in their factories, more so, defining markets.

Western economies in Manila have taken a less pragmatic approach to the

aided or defied the state—a definition critics have said leaves little room for legitimate protest.

The riots of June 16-18, 1976, left 128 people dead and resulted in 520 injuries in property damage. Unrest and violence continued for another full year—well after authorities had capitalized on the symbolic language issue—with the death toll reaching 618 by the end of 1976 and claiming 18 more lives in anniversary riots the next year. Of the 27,000 students at school before the trouble, only 14,000 returned when classes resumed and 560 out of 700 Soviet teachers resigned.

For the past two years, Soweto has been relatively quiet, with the notable exception of a three-man machine-gun attack on a police station only this month which left one black policeman dead and two wounded. Schools have been repaired and reopened. Attendance has expanded to pre-1976 levels, despite the educational departure of hundreds of students to neighboring black-aided countries where most are either attending school or taking military training in the hopes some day of outstaying authorities far beyond the removal of Afrikaans from the curriculum.

For those who remain behind, says Motswagole, there is sadness, and the prison terms meted out last Friday—despite the judge's unexpected leniency—will just make people sadder. "But they say and I believe it, that people aren't angry," he added. "It just means they've recognized the importance of their anger for now. Our kind of sadness is just a repression of anger."

Don Turner

### Rumblings in the steerage

The problem can be stated in simple terms—first, the world's economic crisis is as usual, and Soviet 21st century. In Manila, however, the bulk of the group's energies was channeled into pulling down the protective barriers it claims have strangled trade with the West. Having been attacked by the West to set up industry rather than depend on foreign aid handouts. Third World countries are now out of time Western markets. That way by inflating industries that lobby for barriers, since they cannot compete. By dropping barriers, the Group of 77 argues. Western governments would in effect be prying out economic advantage and could not employ the resulting throngs of unemployed in their factories, more so, defining markets.

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threat of increased unemployment and have been quick to the demand for protection. The world's economic crisis is as usual, and Soviet 21st century. In Manila, however, the bulk of the group's energies was channeled into pulling down the protective barriers it claims have strangled trade with the West. Having been attacked by the West to set up industry rather than depend on foreign aid handouts. Third World countries are now out of time Western markets. That way by inflating industries that lobby for barriers, since they cannot compete. By dropping barriers, the Group of 77 argues. Western governments would in effect be prying out economic advantage and could not employ the resulting throngs of unemployed in their factories, more so, defining markets.

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Michael Chertow



## Spain

### 'Natural' violence on the streets

**H**e used to be known as El Lute, the most wanted man in Spain. But three days, 35-year-old Eusebio Sanchez is wanted for another reason. While still awaiting serving a 30-year sentence for a robbery in which a man was killed, Sanchez leaves his open prison regularly for his office where he writes a magazine column and is finishing his third book. A spokesman for the newspaper and underdogged, he is a hero in post-Franco Spain. But even as Spaniards laud his anti-authority stance they are gripped by a new mood of insecurity sparked by a crime wave which has swept the country since the dictator died four years ago.

Last week, 3,000 crime policemen moved into Madrid and mobile and street patrols were stepped up across the country to deal not only with continued violence like the May 7 wounding of Spain's former chief of security, Emilio Riera, but with increasingly common muggings, rapes and holdups. Within the space of a few days in Madrid, two petrol-bombing youths commandeered a subway car, forcing passengers to hand over their valuables, and several men stole nearly \$5 million from the central post office. "It becomes more like New York every day," muttered bank clerk Maribel Lopez. "I never open my apartment door now until I know who has knocked." In Barcelona, Spain's second city, a survey showed 85 per cent of adults were afraid to venture out at night. And growing drug markets have fueled many pharmacies to display signs advising: "No narcotics here—we have been robbed."

Sparking more persistent anxiety, conservative politician Manuel Fraga said that crime had swelled by 130 per cent in four years and that armed

Police patrols in Barcelona crime wave

hooligans had increased by more than 1,000 per cent in the first seven months of 1986 compared with 1976. Then, the powerful police and harsh punishments of Franco's rule still maintained order in Spain, while crime rose sharply in other Western countries. But since the transition to democracy, wide-ranging amnesties have released hundreds of jail inmates and the authorities' rigid grip has been relaxed.

There is as shortage of explanations. The Spanish interior ministry says totalitarianism in a consumer society, the weakening of the family and urban concentration have had a particularly dramatic effect during Spain's 30-year metamorphosis from a largely rural paternalism to an industrial society. Right-wing parties blame the situation on pitiless government, pornographic film and literature and general failure to stand by God and country.

Critics, however, are more elusive. The appointment of a new interior minister, General Alonso Prieto, suggests the government is responding to criticism. And the police are being reorganized to replace their lingering reputation as tanks of justice—in the city of Seville recently several cops were stoned and maimed as they tried to arrest some thieves—with something more likely to encourage public co-operation.

Spain is still a model compared to other European cities. In 1977, Madrid had 1,285 crimes per 100,000 inhabitants and Barcelona 1,980, while the rate for London was 7,192 and for West Berlin 30,530. But Spaniards still draw little consolation from that—or from the words of Madrid Governor Juan José Rosas. "Overall, the level of violence in Madrid is normal," he said recently. "We live in a state of great psychic tension and the violence factor fits into a system of violent personal relations which society considers a form of natural expressions." General Prieto, were he able, would certainly have disagreed. **David Ballard**

## Cleveland

### The oldest of the angry young men

**C**yril Eaton's ascendancy in the affairs of the world began with 85 minutes, when at the age of 22 he backed his first railfan. And although he went on to lose \$100 million in the 1929 crash, that rescue the same amount by the time he died last week at 95, near Cleveland, money was a lesser preoccupation in the titan's eyes. Money was his springboard into a world of secular freethinking, where he lost his energies to the search for world peace and robustly denounced all who stood in his way. "My detractors are my inspirations," he once quipped, and since his carpets included Richard Nixon, the Pope and the CIA, he was inspired from high levels of government and society for much of his life.

Eaton was born in Piquette, Nova Scotia, but moved to the United States as a young man. Under the wing of John D. Rockefeller, he quickly learned the first principles of capitalism, and applied them shrewdly in a wide range of enterprises which included utilities, railroads, steel, rubber and coal. He also turned his next to a rich family life, athletics and the study of philosophy and poetry. But when, in his crusade to forestall war, he became close friends with Soviet leaders, he brought down upon



Eaton, the money was his springboard

himself a flood of condemnation—he was "a subversive" and "soft on communists." His Piquette Conferences on peace engaged such savants as Bertrand Russell, and not only did they earn Eaton the 1940 Lenin Peace Prize, but have been called the groundwork of the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty. Of all the accomplishments of a long, rich life, Piquette, he said, was the greatest. ☐



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Lufthansa

# A turn in the long road back

A hot day in a hot year is not the best day on which to settle the most economically devastating strike in Canada's history. Yet settle—relatively, in Toronto—the 17-member bargaining committee of Local 6500 of the United Steelworkers of America did. Early this week, amid civilizing and rapidly expanding dreams of summer days spent fishing, 11,700 iron workers took some first steps toward the long-shelved plant goals of Sudbury's union. They had been out nearly eight months to the day.

It was a lesson in international communism for everyone. At nickel prices near (\$2.95 a pound) and iron's heap of stacked nickel divided (to 75 cents a pound), the company and the union came closer and closer to the final agreement reached in the small hours of May 1, worth \$3.20 an hour over three years to each worker, 37 cents more an hour in wages in the first year, a no-restriction right to full pension after 30 years service and cost-of-living increases of \$1.65 an hour over three years. "I thought it was a good agreement," allowed weary and diffident Dave Patterson, 59-year-old Local 6500 president, after emerging from his first set of negotiations.

But Patterson had reckoned on the union's 380 union stewards, the whole job is to police the contract and who will viciously confront the militant Patterson's presidency in union elections to be held within 90 days—some say with the cautions of the Steelworkers' international executive, whose election Patterson opposed two years ago. "We made a lot of gains, there's no question about it," says Brent Palmer, a union steward, "but it hasn't been worth the eight-month wait." Lobbying publicly and privately in the myriad small rooms of the Steelworkers hall on Front Street, considering that the cost-of-living increase would not be rolled into wages, that 30 years and out was a better pension goal and that a 31-cent-an-hour increase was nothing when one took the bonus of an eight-month strike into account, the stewards voted against ratification and set out last week to envenom the rank and file to do the same. The laugh of the strike has



Photo by [illegible]

put them into debt," says Rick Desforges, a sociologist at Sudbury's Central College. "But it has also given them a sense of power."

Whether or not they are still reeling in the inflationary void laid late Sunday night, the price of nickel will be \$4 a pound within a year, claims Elmer Martens, nickel consultant to Toronto stockbroker Wally Stodgel. Co-chairman Murray "If we have only a mild recession next year, we will see nickel shortages for three, maybe four years."

Devaluation—iron works as a dependency on that seller's market, and the union is finally in a

position to call some shots of its own. But the nature of a one-industry resource source is an unattractive prospect at the economic mortality that put it there. There has been Sudbury's sole livelihood for too many decades. It will produce nickel for three metal-short next four years and a couple of prosperity will begin. Better distribution to Sudbury will recover the 60-per-cent of nickel lost during the strike, a proportion of the alarming number of marriages strained by the strike will well-served marital aid. Dale Kestala, owner of King Tacos, will recover the \$5000 he lost every month the strike was on, and may, but probably won't, move somewhere else. But more likely, iron workers' representatives and NIP federal, ex-Jake Rodriguez will continue to divide any attempt to diversify Sudbury's economic base, just as they laughed at a

recent announcement that Sudbury 2001, an alternate technology group, will spend \$100,000 to raise Argus mine. All the while Sudbury will respond to iron's responding in world market markets that have reduced the company's unassisted work force by 8,000 jobs in the past 33 years, and that may reduce it by another 2,000 within the next three years. Eventually, in 30 years, iron will employ 2,000 people in Sudbury—less than a fifth of its current work force—and people will finally see what potential Sudbury had all along for economic diversity. Until then iron's towering, iron-to-be belching smelterstack will smother Sudburyans and keep them from helping themselves.

—Jo Brown

## Time for a heart-to-hand-held talk

Sometimes this summer, a frustrated, self-righted tourist will walk up to a hand-driven cabbie in Montreal's Dominion Square and produce what looks like a pocket calculator.

Instead of shouting and gesticulating hoarsely at the driver, the tourist will straggle, top a few buttons as the machine. Then, apologetic as a schoolboy, the cabbie will be "On our level?" The cabbie will have met Anis, a translator packed with 1,500 travel-oriented words and 10 phrases in three languages. Anis is the brainchild of California Ron Gordon who popularized electronic radio guides in the early 1970s. It was stretched last week by six Canadian distributors, Ben Seufjan, president, and Joe Corbin, vice-president, of Anis Communications Inc., who talked about a hand-held revolution in teaching languages, recalling obscure facts, Greek myths or something horoscope.

Anis is better than a fancy paper book but it's worlds away from a thinking machine that can correctly string a sentence together for the stranger in a strange land. Future patterns of cabbies—the sage-old word cutridgers now offer primary English, French, German, Spanish, Italian or Japanese—will soon conjugate verbs and offer pheromone pronouncements.

Newswide, sleepless Blaise Fort, director of the Association Translation Research Group of the Université de Montreal, say calling such machines as Anis "translators" is deceiving. "Perhaps you can take them to Nassau in 1991," he says, "but when you get back, it's not like having something which replaces French words and idioms." While Fort concedes the machines are "a good step in a good direction," his 26-member team of computer specialists, linguists

## The medicine man's semfinal diagnosis

From considering cancer through Any One Can Make a Million into the Ontario legislature and beyond, Morton Shuman has seen and lived his investment, stocks and bonds for values and returns for two decades. Appealing to public groups and private bankers through books, television counseling services and speeches, he has championed everything from the little guy bent on stock shares to his own free philosophy of capitalist socialism as a member of the New Democratic Party who dines off the market system. He's back to the table with a new book, *How to Invest Your Money & Profit from Inflation* for which he received an advance of \$20,000 from Economist's Harpy Publishers, the largest advance he has seen ever paid. The book, with a 30,000-copy first printing, sells for \$9.95 and takes about 14 words.

"Inflation is here—it's not going away. Get out of paper investments like stocks. And do it with borrowed money. Traditional investments like stocks don't work as well with inflation and the resulting decline in the purchasing power of the dollar. If governments continue to cause inflation through monetarism

excessive printing of money and over-spending to predict that the Canadian dollar will drop to 50 cents U.S. by 1993, just as possible, no sense gold (currently \$250 going to \$250 U.S. an ounce). The laundry list of bad investments includes government and corporate bonds, diamonds (unless you buy wholesale), options, insurance and shares in telephone, power, service and manufacturing companies. The government list includes real estate, commodities, Treasury bonds, Kluge's gold coins, shares of companies with wealth in the ground where there is no advantage to the government to strip it. Good art and stamps.

To say Shuman's writing style is simple is to oversimplify it. In depth, the book reads as if the words were typed onto tapes, then transcribed. But the advice is sound and you can't argue with a man who claims to have netted \$60,000 himself in 1978, currently trading on 10 minutes pay about. And it's hard not to admire a man who openly admits that his latest investment advice is now irrelevant. The frenetic about Shuman that endures his to individuals and urges the establishment remains relevant, as is his firmly held investment. After all, he points out, it is not just the validity of the gold-act advice that people prefer it is that living off, perhaps it is simply a case of Morton Shuman always living to the market more.

Roderick McQueen

and translators has spent 14 years discovering there is more to translating than feeding businesses and government into two computers. "What's been holding up computer translation hasn't been the hardware, it has been the grammar," explains the University's linguist Rhett Mackintosh. "We need a complete grammar for both English and French and we still have neither." Canadian computer translation hasn't been the unavailability of languages. The machine never designed to think clearly

for you." At \$270 for the machine and \$40 per cassette, buyers may not solve national unity problems. But there is a low price risk—if a laptop computer becomes available—of possessing in the old world's 700-800 word a book as well as having Anis, tell you "Always wear your underwire."

—Larry Black

Canadian distributor Conquest with Anis built for the stranger in a strange land





Why settle for reality when you can get a television actor instead? That seemed to be the prevailing opinion of the 140-member graduating class of California University's school of medicine when it chose actor Alan Dale, who plays the irrepressible Dr. Hawkeye Pierce in the *M\*A\*S\*H* comedy series, as its guest speaker at the annual convocation this week. The College of Physicians and Surgeons broke tradition by naming someone who is not a doctor to address them. But the students took a poll in which 80 per cent of them voted for Dale because, and a spokesman, they thought "he'd have something interesting to say." If Raymond Burr (Perry Mason) could lecture to lawyers and Lou Gossett to journalists, why not Dale to doctors? Perhaps he could inspire them with his own brief brush with the real world of medicine before he goes for acting. As he once said, "I tried to be a doctor, took a pre-med course in chemistry and got a very low grade in it—10 in the final exams because I really didn't want to do it. I kept through classes because I was trying to avoid being sucked into medicine."

"It's not the most exciting actress I've ever met in Canada, and even though no one knows her, she's going to be a big star," says Montreal film producer Robert Lantos (*In Prime of My Women*), whose company has \$1.5 million riding on the performance of Toronto-bred Jennifer Dale. Selected from several hundred hopefuls, Dale will star in *Shogun*, an all-Canadian production

under the able directorship of *Shogun* (The October Crisis, *Dryas Up the Streets*). Based on Ronald Guttman's novel *Shogun*, about an 11-year period in the life of a young French-Canadian girl growing up in the '50s, the film is being called as "a sensual and passionate excursion into the coming of age of a woman." Full-star treatment for the leggy Dale, 33, begins this week at the Cannes Film Festival where ads featuring her and co-star Winston Rekert compete in barrel orgies and are being used to develop international interest in the unknown leading lady. Though she has a classic theatrical background, including two years at the Stratford Festival, Dale has only been before the camera once—as a stripper in the soon-to-be-released thriller *Shame Cold Dead*—and she is feeling the pressure of the glitter machine. "It's a big responsibility, but how do you say no to someone who offers to make you a star?"

**Singer** Dale has may sing sparsely live, the Academy (so much) and performs in her stocking feet, but when it comes to a certain desire of his he presents a much tougher image. He's known around Toronto as a Ping-Pong hater. Having played the game since he was 14—he actually made a living out of it in high school—HBI is still picking up a little walking-around money by challenging "only rich people" to dunderbush matches, where the bets

Order sexual and psychiatric assistance

range from \$100 to \$1,000 a game. "I give 10 to 1 odds, then I rally with my wrong hand and switch after the bets are made," confesses HBI. Recently his manager, Bernie Fowler, got him for \$2,000. HBI, who is currently taking a break from the music scene, doesn't like his own game for Ping-Pong. "I find it's just an excuse for his really mean," "The imagery of Ping-Pong doesn't seem to lend itself to you," he explained. "I mean, can you imagine a song that goes 'I took this girl out and stomped her foot'?"

During the televised Watergate hearings, he had heavily arched eyebrows and a supercilious snarl, but now John Enck's days as a heavy seem to be over. Sporting a thick, graying beard and a casual cowboy jacket, the ex-rich folkie and former aide to Richard Nixon looks rather like an adult statement of the counterculture as he tours North America promoting his second novel, *The Whole Truck*. After shedding his wife of 20 years and marrying a 30-year-old woman, Ehrlichman, 54, has happily settled into an expanding customer in a 300-year-old adobe house in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he spends his time writing, painting, fishing and staring at the sunset. "There has to be something very substantial happening for me to miss a season," he says, with an acknowledgment that he is no longer interested in procedure, what people wear, what other people approve or disapprove of. Of course, much of the "substance" (read cash flow) of Ehrlichman's new life comes from re-hauling the activities of his old job. His new book drives the inside workings of a White House cover-up. But Ehrlichman does not apologize for cashing in on his past misdeeds. He quickly offers a counter-

culture glintstone on the subject of his critics: "If people think what I'm doing is wrong, that's their trip." Far out, man.

In the endgame of life, Boris Spassky and Anatoly Karpov are considered to be Russian royalty. But even in the rarefied atmosphere of grand-master chess, king and crown can occasionally tumble down. After recently competing in a month-long, \$100,000 Montreal chess competition, Spassky (world champion from 1969 to 1975) and the current world titleholder, Karpov, checked into Toronto last week for a round of simultaneous exhibition matches pitting a minimum of 18 players against each champion. While Karpov controlled the boards amidst capitalists at the Eaton Centre, Spassky handled all comers atop the CN Tower. After two hours of play and a flurry of 18-second moves, the outcome was similar to a Canada Soviet hockey showdown: Soviet Kousanov 31, Canada 1, with four draws. The lone Canadian victory over Karpov, 30-year-old Toronto chess champion Bruce Woodcock, was less than heraldic in the post-game analysis, saying "I knew I was going to win." As for Spassky, a 42-year-old Russian emigrant now living in Paris, only one thing mattered: "When do I get paid?"

After Michael Murphy is fast becoming everyone's favorite adult-on: First seen sneaking around on his nose-seven wife (played by Jill Clayburgh) in *An Unmarried Woman*, Murphy has now surfaced in *Woody Allen's* smash hit *Maidstone*, this time playing a handsome husband who steps out with (actress Anna Byrne) to meet girlfriend (actress Diane Kastein). In both movies Murphy, a 39-year-old bachelor who believes that adultery has become a way of life for many Americans, has projected, with some success, a combination of anguish over leaving his loved ones and a boyishly selfish determina-



Giddy, Harry thinks it's a knockout

tion to get what he wants. But despite the praise he has garnered for such role-playing, Murphy protests he does not want to be typecast as *The Addictor*. "I think it's a major problem and I'm not going to do those parts anymore," he laments. Murphy, who lives in New York and is a close friend of Woody Allen, wants to explore other, less sophisticated roles. "It's time for me to play a sailor or a halflinger and get out of those Brooks Brothers suits and stop playing the heavens."

Actress Monica Galtis first saw Canadian theatre people with her burgeoning talent kick in 1956 when she auditioned for and won a part in the first live television adaptation of *Awake of Green Glades*. She played Diana Barry, Anna's best friend, and the impression director Norman Campbell as "a knockout in auditions." Monica had something else burgeoning as well—a knock so simple that it had to be followed with a Playtex rubber girdle. Since then she has become a regular on

Murphy, Kastein, Michael Montgomery tries to get out of those Brooks Brothers suits

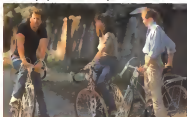
the well-meaning children's television show *The Polka Dot Shoe* and has also won critics' praise in recent Toronto productions of *The Sex and Whiskey for the Parade*. But she has also branched out into the world of television commercials, announcing with a smile into the camera, "My Harry thinks my full figure is a knockout. But for me it's a problem." The product she's advertising is a Playtex 16-hour seamless bra. While she acknowledges that some might consider her commercials a little lowbrow for a serious actress, Monica says she does them to stay financially afloat and that she takes her work very seriously. "I think I'm extremely believable in them."

Nobel Prize-winning author Isaac Bashevis Singer was ordered by his doctors to take a rest after the announcement of being recognized as one of the world's "maiest storytellers." But Singer, who turns 75 in July, slowed down only briefly before he resumed his aching schedule of speaking engagements, popping up in Los Angeles one day, Montreal the next and off again to Austin, Texas. "Winning the Nobel Prize hasn't changed my life at all," he said in an interview. "I still write everyday between breakfast and lunch. Lots more people run after me but it's still the same routine." Singer's novel *The Slave* is being made into a \$6.5-million movie, a Canada-France co-production by Montreal's Harry Jakobson and Paul Kervick of Azura Films. To be directed by Moshe Mizrahi, Academy Award-winning director of *Monsieur Ben*, the film will start shooting in September on location in Canada and Eastern Europe. The subject of Singer's lively letters in Montreal was the survival of the Yiddish language. Post-poking suggestions that Yiddish is a dying language, Singer and the Jewish people would not forget it. "Jews suffer from many diseases, but amnesia isn't one of them."

Edited by Judith Thorne



Shogun's Dale



Allen's Allen



## Sports

# The Expos that bloom in the spring, tra la

**E**lio Valentine was standing by the Montreal Expos dugout before a game with the Pittsburgh Pirates earlier this spring. The big outfielder was in a philosophical mood as he watched the Pirates warm up. "The Pirates and the Philadelphia Phillies have had their time. They took it like it wasn't really happening, they weren't really there. Now, our time is coming, and when it arrives, man, we're going to be there and we're going to enjoy it."

Springtime in Quebec is traditionally reserved for hockey, thoughts of sun-kissed parades suspended until the ice melts in the Forum. Yet last week, as Guy Lafleur, with the muscle of Jesus Christ resting lightly on his shoulders, almost single-handedly lifted the Canadiens past the Boston Bruins into the Stanley Cup finals, the Expos were enjoying themselves 3,000 miles away

beating San Francisco 5-4. While the Canadiens' cup-of-honors time was a matter of course after three consecutive championships, the Expos' was more like a wayward Chiastek blowing into the still-cool Olympic Stadium.

The win over the Giants put the Expos a game and a half behind Philadelphia with a game in hand and raised their record to 19 wins and eight losses. Their winning percentage (.704) was the third best in the majors—surprising in itself, but tame compared with their almost shocking month of April.

When the season started, veteran manager Dick Williams is prominent with the V-12 Ball Sox and back-to-back World Series championships with the Oakland A's) was guardedly optimistic. The club had patched its weaknesses of the previous year with the addition of starting pitcher Bill Lee, reliever Elias

Valentine, more good-but-bite-gun numbers

Roos and utility players Rodney Scott and Jerry White. But the patches were applied to a team that finished fourth yet after 13 April renditions of the American and Canadian national anthems, the Expos had won 16 and lost but five. It was the best opening month in the club's 11-year history. And it earned on the money to the end of the first week in May by leading the majors in winning percentage (.750) and leading the National League in team batting with a .386 average.

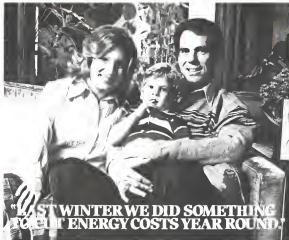
Just to the right of centre of it all, of course, has been Elio Valentine. It is the consensus of box score pundits that the Expos have the best hitting outfield in the majors. Through the Giants game last week, left-fielder Warren Cromartie, 25, was hitting .358 with one homer and nine runs batted in, centre-fielder André Dawson, 26, .318 with eight homers and 30 RBIs, and Valentine, 24, .354 with two homers and 18 RBIs. As his partners shine at the plate and improve in the field, Valentine is already "a truly great outfielder" in the opinion of former Dodger great Duke Snider.

"He was the greatest," Valentine smiles, not really wanting you to take him seriously. "But I am consistent. No matter what happens from here on in, I got a couple of numbers on my bubble-gun card—and they can't take that away." And Bill Lee wasn't much bothered by being listed by the consensus as the panacea of thought on mavericks. The Specimen is merely leading the Expos staff with a 4-0 win-loss record and 3.68 earned-run average. Steve Rogers is 3-1 with a 3.25 ERA, Ross Grimsley the same with a 3.73 ERA and Elias, Ross is mopping up with a 3-1 record, three saves and a 1.80 ERA.

The other fixtures of the Expos' squalling diamond are skirting on. Catcher Gary Carter appears determined to be a superstar. "Everything's cool now that Carter's a doozy," says Valentine. Carter, as of last week, was hitting .360 with eight homers and 24 RBIs. And utility man Rodney Scott bumped Denis Cash and his six-figure salary onto the bench opening day and he has stayed at second base by virtue of his great defensive play over his 14 RBIs.

Despite the Expos' heady start, manager Williams knows how long a baseball season can be and isn't quite ready to extend the lease on his Montreal digs. "We'll push the Phillies," he says, "but in the stretch the guy will be how the young guys respond." To the young Expos like Valentine, it feels as if their time is coming soon, but no matter what happens from here on in, like the members on bubble-gun cards, they can't take the spring of '79 away from them.

Bob Quinn



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## Dioxin's deadly taste caught on the fly

day prior to his ministry's publication of the now-annual booklets that are indispensable bait-bus companions of the complacent angler: what not to eat from Ontario lakes.

Dioxin is in the same non-persistent category as heptachlor and chlordane (see p. 10); with up to 2,300 known pounds in dump sites and in the 1960s by the Hooker Chemical Co., there's enough within leaching range of Lake Ontario to wipe out the world. U.S. authorities, however, are now actively working to contain or where possible to remove them. Though parts per trillion (ppt) sounds harmless, dioxin is five ppt per

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**Spraying 2,4,5-T: there'll be no ban**

known to cause cancer in test rodents and such microscopic measurements are destined to join nuclear XEMS in the lexicon of a pollution-conscious public.

Like the acid rains that threaten irreversible destruction of nearly all Ontario's lakes, the evergreen damage to forests in nearly a U.S. export, though the U.S. Forest Service has approved manufacture of herbicides for spraying southeast Asian jungles in the name of today's threat, abetted by U.S. and Canadian spraying of the insect-bearing herbicide 2,4,5-T on madroños, forests, and other forested areas. The spraying was temporarily halted in March by U.S. and Ontario authorities on receipt of distressing reports showing a high miscarriage rate in women infants following the spraying of 2,4,5-T in forested areas. The U.S. Forest Service, U.S. health and agriculture officials and in early May there will be no federal ban on presently allowed uses of 2,4,5-T as forests and on rights-of-way for railroads, but cuts in the rainforest. Said Wayne D. Galt, U.S. Forest Service, "The Canadian's postulate action." The Alaska report clearly says it is a correlation study and doesn't necessarily show 2,4,5-T as a cause of the miscarriages. "The U.S. Forest Service is aware of the concern about the U.S. spray."

While authorities on both sides of Lake Ontario warned pregnant women, nursing mothers and children against eating the lake's fish, environmental society spokesmen were insisting, following the March reports, that the hundreds of lakeshore communities which draw water from the lake (300 million gallons a day for Metro Toronto alone) weren't threatened by dioxin because normal filtration methods remove it.

But according to the Ontario ecology group Pollution Probe, natural filtration methods leave roughly 30 per cent of any organic compound in the water.

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*John H. Bunker*



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The capital investment and the hurried construction underscore a tant government acknowledgment that doom—in any amount—is proper cause for concern and urgent response.

A black and white photograph showing a large group of students in a lecture hall. They are all wearing dark robes with white collars, typical of a law school. The students are seated in rows, facing forward, and appear to be listening to a lecture. The perspective is from the side of the hall, looking down the rows.

As it exists in the western provinces, the program offers three options ranging from basic coverage for consultation and legal action (including divorce and separation) to an expanded plan that includes the purchase and sale of a house and criminal action. "Legal aid is

"Do we really need legal insurance?" asks David Shaw, editor of the *Canadian Consumer*. He points out that a legal bill of \$4,000 is hardly a crushing burden for most middle-income earners. Shaw compares legal insurance to fire insurance that would only pay for

While the debaters savor this latest installment in our litigious age, the Gates Insurance pool is busy at the reluctant ears of its most lucrative customers—labor unions. Gates wants unions to sign up and to include a demand for a prepaid legal insurance benefit in their negotiations, but not all unions are impressed with the financial. Lloyd McBride, international

president of the United Steelworkers of America, has warned all locals to stay away from so-called open-panel plans—which is the nonunion's position since the individual subscriber will select a lawyer of his own choosing, rather than from a pool of lawyers retained by the union (the closed-panel plan). HeWells says the open panel does not call for lawyers to "be accountable for the quality of their representation, their fee structure and other aspects of their service." Accordingly, large unions have started drafting their own plans, and the insurance companies may be forced to follow suit.

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Already in the United States, 333,000 workers (plus 30,000 retired) at Chrysler have had legal assistance since the fall of 1978—at no charge to them. The Canadian side of the union may soon be urgent to 10,000 members employed in basic automotive manufacturing to approve negotiations for a legal insurance plan.

Legal insurance has the blessing of the president of the Canadian Bar Association (CBA), Calgary's Thomas Walsh. After last year's annual meeting of the association, Walsh became concerned about the need for "some type of pre-paid legal services for the middle class," in part because he hoped it would result



Walsh knew it to the insurance firms.

In a more positive public attitude toward lawyers beleaguered by accusations of victimizing people, he recommended a speed review that had been set up to look into the possibility of the firm creating its own legal insurance scheme, but by March of this year, he says, it became pretty clear that legal insurance was better left to insurance companies, corporations and unions. He calls the Ontario plan "superb." The CBA's concern had been echoed by three University of Windsor law professors, Larry Wilson, Chris Wydrynski and Brian Messer, who, in a recently published paper, alleged that "middle-income people are denied meaningful access to the legal system." They say pre-paid plans will "help absorb the growing number of law school graduates in Canada," expand law school programs, and meet the "current legal needs of workers" and therefore increase productivity.

If this sounds as if the dams of law schools are about to break, Caplan points out that a deluge of lawyers has already flooded society: we are long past the high-water mark. "The administration of justice suffers, even the most routine, is now in the grip of lawyers. It is...and if we have been advised to seek double representation by church and advocate."

André McNicoll

## Medicine

### Snip, snip go the doctors

Doctors have debated for more than five decades the pros and cons of tussle-tosses to take the tensile out or leave them in, that is the question.

A six-year, \$180,000 study just completed by a group of University of Manitoba researchers suggests that as much as 90 per cent of 10,000 recent tussle-tosses performed in the province were a waste of doctors' time and taxpayers' money.

Dr. Paul Henteloff, assistant professor of social and preventive medicine, says the study's aim was to determine whether unnecessary surgery was being performed and whether accepted criteria were met before doctors started snipping.

"We reviewed a large body of medical literature to try and reach a consensus on accepted grounds for the operation," says Dr. Henteloff. "Our findings are unlikely to influence doctors and will be controversial, but between 85 and 94 per cent of the operations didn't meet accepted criteria for operating." The criteria for surgery include four attacks of tussle-toss in a year or one attack that results in formation of an abscess. The researchers sifted through 13,000 medical claims forms to find out if surgical criteria were met, then did a follow-up study to ensure groups who had the operation and those who didn't. There was surprisingly little difference in general health. Those who had their tussle-toss averaged two fewer sore throats over the next five years than those who didn't.

In Manitoba, 7,260 tonsillitosses were performed in 1983, but the figure had dropped to 5,000 in 1974. The decline is consistent with, according to Dr. Henteloff, No running drop in general health has been recorded in the province following the decline, though many doctors still argue that persistent sore throats and tonsillitis are best cured by surgery. Others insist that removal weakens the body's defense mechanism and may increase the incidence of other diseases.

Dr. Henteloff insists patients and their families have an equal responsibility with doctors to avoid unnecessary surgery. "I estimate the tonsillitosses performed where criteria weren't met are equivalent to 25 hospital beds being fully occupied year-round," he says. "That has to cost a lot of money."

Peter Carlyle-Gordage

## Religion

### Out of the pulpits and into the fire

Father Rob Ogle believes his mobility as a New Democratic Party candidate in this federal election came the day he removed his clerical collar. He was arrested for offering the strike paper. Back then, just as today, more doctrine than clergyman opposed him more from the pulpit to politics. Several of them even sent a telegram to his jail cell which read, "Congratulations as your martyrdom. Hope you deserved it," said by Shirley Knowles, a veteran NDP member for 36 years, and a United

den dates back to the party's founder, Rev. James Shaver Woodsworth, whose political roots were formed during the 1915 Winnipeg General Strike, during which he was arrested for offering the strike paper. Back then, just as today, more doctrine than clergyman opposed him more from the pulpit to politics. Several of them even sent a telegram to his jail cell which read, "Congratulations as your martyrdom. Hope you deserved it," said by Shirley Knowles, a veteran NDP member for 36 years, and a United



Ogle's switch from preaching to politics is a relatively new trend in Canadian politics, as clergymen decide to increasing numbers to run for Parliament. In 1974, for instance, only five clergymen ran in the federal election. This time around, 17 are candidates. Even more are expected to run in the future, theologians predict, since Christian churches in the past decade have been admitting themselves more and more to national and international concerns. As Robert Wright, a minister for 20 years at All Peoples United Church in Wainwright, Ontario, says, justifying his own decision to run as an NDP candidate in Wainwright riding: "When I read the teachings of Jesus, I didn't read of someone who had himself away in monastic churches."

Another of those political preachers is Father Andy Hogan, whose Prime Minister Trudeau point him at a few weeks ago while campaigning in Hogan's Nova Scotia home riding of Cape Breton-East Richmond. Referring to the Liberals' own candidate, Don Menzies, Trudeau quipped, "By the time Don is done with the election, Father Hogan will have discovered God is a Liberal." Hogan points out that it has long been customary for clergymen of all faiths to join the ranks of the NDP. This tra-



Church minister who remembers those days in Winnipeg between the strike and the Depression, says, "Many of us back then felt preaching of a better world in the life beyond was not enough."

Some of the same feelings reside in a clergyman's decision to run for office today. James Hewson, an ordained minister with the General Church of Christ and an NDP candidate in Kitchener, decided to run what he became distressed with the plight of senior citizens, unemployed youth and others in the constituency. "When I hear someone say that we can't even afford to buy hamburger for their families anymore, I want to do something about it," he says. In the Thunder Bay-Bleken riding, Ken Moffat, a 59-year-old United Church minister, is running for the Conservatives in an anti-Trade Commission. He resembles with some irony that in his Thunder Bay church, back in 1905, another minister, Dan Melver, ran and won in the riding as a Liberal. Moffat explains he is running partly because he believes "there has been a great divergence for morals in many instances" in the Liberal government, offering specifically the resignation of former solicitor-general Francis Fox who stepped down after announcing he had forged a signature on an abortion document.

Many Canadian clergymen running in this federal election are believers in "Biblical theology," a philosophy which grew out of the church's involvement with civil rights in Latin America and Third World countries. It asserts that the church's role is not just to save souls, but society too, whenever oppression exists. Because of these teachings, explains Richard Allen, history professor at McMaster University and author of several books on the rela-

tion, just preaching was not enough. Ogle (right) borrowing suits from friends.



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MacDonald: adding a new recipe stability

tionship between church and society in Canada. "There has been an increasing degree of radicalism, especially among the younger clergy since the 1960s." This theology, he adds, is being taught in seminars and colleges across Canada, and is influencing clergymen to expand their interests beyond organized religion and into politics.

Whatever their reasons for turning, these clergymen are adding a new respectability to the tarnished image of a typical politician. A frequent reminder that David MacDonald, a Tory MP and United Church member says he gets is "What's a nice person like you doing in something as shabby as politics?" The Prince Edward Island member finds being a minister doesn't make much difference. "Does have people take their politics almost more seriously than their religion. In this province, when people talk of a mixed marriage, they mean one between a Liberal and a Conservative." Most of the political preachers, however, admit they don't have strong alliances with their party. As Bruce McLean, former moderator of the United Church of Canada, and a promising candidate who bucked out of the running before the election call, says "One of the disastrous things about politics is the notion that all truth is contained in one party—kind of a cowboy and Indian mentality. Instead you must pick your imperfect instrument and work with it."

Which is just what two clergymen candidates running in Windsor, in southern Ontario, have done. Frank Ryp, the local Liberal candidate, was ordained as a Methodist minister. Walter McLean, the Conservative candidate, has served for the past eight years as chaplain at Knox Presbyterian Church Rivoli, they are both battling hard to win. "I'm assessed by the whole thing," says McLean. "At least voters can't dismiss me because I'm a minister. Their alternative is a minister too." Besides, he adds, "A few people have looked at me and said, 'Well, thank God you're not another lawyer.'"

Julianne LaBrecque

## Ideas

### Once bold vision a dying dream

U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance is an optimist. A spy-story figure, all arms and legs, he navigates his methodical way through the web of world diplomacy with a grin. Like Mr. Menzies he is always waiting for something to "turn up." He can see the bright side of every disaster.

"The distorted perspective being advanced by some that America is in a period of decline in the world is not only wrong as a matter of fact but dangerous as a basis for policy," he said in a major speech earlier this month.

Vance chose to make his carefully crafted philosophical speech just a few days after the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research—a well respected Washington think tank—had decided to pose the question "Is the American Century ending?" It's a question that is increasingly troubling the nation and policy makers in Washington. In part it is the idea of a new role for a fading giant.

According to a graph published by the Institute, the American Century be-

gan consciousness. Events in Iran, Afghanistan, Africa and Southeast Asia have troubled upon their site over the ether, and there is a sense that events are moving against them and in a way over which they have little control. Survey research indicates that Americans think they are getting relatively weaker in the world arena. Is this American Century ending?"

Says Johnson: "Between 1945 and the early 1970s there was a period of American dominance, characterized by America as the great reserve military power in the West. During the same period, America had a tremendous and pervasive cultural influence. American attitudes—the notion of plenty, the notion of mass production being a common logic, the notion that if you worked hard enough you could, in the end, get what you wanted—were the keywords of the world."

He added that the 1970s have brought a contraction of American power as a result of the harrowing experience in Vietnam and at the same time a construction of the American vision because following worldwide recession people doubt that the American dream can exist.

The historian admits that America should become more "hardboiled" and shed its guilt over Vietnam and Watergate, accepting them as mistakes from which to learn.



gan about 1900 and U.S. influence grew through such great landmarks as World War I, Lichberg, the New Deal, World War II, the Marshall Plan, the peace and prosperity of 1952 to 1963 to peak in the early 1970s during the Vietnam War. That same war began its decline which was hastened by the Watergate scandal, OPEC price increases, rising inflation, the drop in the value of the dollar abroad, unchecked Communist expansionism in Africa and the Latin states in Iran.

To explore the idea all involved British historian Paul Johnson—former editor of *The New Statesman*—to Washington. He was given this proposition: "Rather suddenly, foreign policy has moved to the forefront of the Amer-

ican scene. What does he see for the future?"

"All of the lessons of history teach that the decline of power nations don't remain vacuum very long. If America creates a vacuum, it will be filled."

"No civilization can be taken for granted. Its permanency can never be assumed. There is always a dark age waiting for you around the corner."

For silver linings the country has but to look back to Mr. Vance. "The realization that we are not omnipotent should not make us fear we have lost our power or the will to use it," he said. "It requires us to exercise leadership creatively—to inspire others to work with us toward goals we share but cannot achieve separately."

William Lottner



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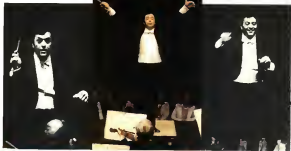
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## Music The Mehta mystique

By Rita Christopher

**D**on't call him Zubi-baby. Indian-born maestro Zubin Mehta says that is pure journalistic ineptitude. And don't remind him about the billboard in Los Angeles displaying his swarthy good looks like a shaving cream ad. He had as part in that campaign. Nor does he claim any responsibility for the exotic Eastern grip that others at Los Angeles' Dorothy Chandler Pavilion sported to herald his presence. Or the larger-than-life gothic that hung precariously in the building's entrance hall. "Some people think I was behind these things and that creates totally the wrong impression. I had nothing to do with them," protests Zubin Mehta, late of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, now finishing his first triumphant season as conductor of the New York Philharmonic. And his contract was just renewed to 2006.

But don't get the mistaken idea that Zubin Mehta doesn't know how to make an impression. Brought by astrophysicists in the Soviet Union, he followed "Kretek." At the news of both the Srebrenica War and the Yom Kippur War, he immediately flew to Israel to conduct morale-boosting concerts with the Israeli Philharmonic, with which he has been associated for 17 years. And in Los Angeles he made news with his Star Wars concert from the Hollywood Bowl, gala that featured not only the

orchestra but Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention, with ceiling lights beamed adding a final touch. Photographers have caught him nude in a sauna and smolder down in a yoga headstand. Zubin Mehta, 65, is a superior, doing for classical music what Peter Dinklage did for baseball and Nick Zinder does for rock.

The announcement three years ago that he would leave Los Angeles for New York started a media furore. Public Broadcasting televised his farewell concert in Los Angeles. In his first season at Lincoln Center, he has appeared on three live broadcasts, including a performance where the heavily gay-spying conductor was interviewed by Vice President Mondale's wife Joan at intermission. "If you look at the man, that face, the radiance of these eyes, he comes across sensationally. He's terribly exciting on television, just mind-blowingly, very sexy," says Public Broadcasting's Joe McKelghra.

Yet Mehta's presence at the New York Philharmonic is doing more than making hormone junkies frolic. The Philharmonic's ticket sales are up from 85 percent to nearly 100 percent. And, in New York, where it has to compete with the best orchestras from America and abroad as well, to say nothing of Broadway, that kind of box-office power is magical—exactly the kind of impact that Mehta's predecessor, French composer-conductor Pierre Boulez, was

never able to make in New York audiences. "Sometimes personality will bring people in," Mehta admits. "It's just a gimmick though. In the long run, people come for the music."

Mehta's skill at making headlines is surpassed only by his skill at making music. Though surrounded by the subtle tonalities of the East, he grew up in a home where Western music reigned supreme. His family was a member of India's Parsi community, descendants of Persians who had migrated to India more than a thousand years earlier, and had become among the most Westernized elements of traditional Indian society. Zubin's father, Mehta, founded the Bombay Symphony Orchestra, an association that he would later already conducted by the age of 16. Despite his musical severity, the family had decided on a medical cover, a plan Mehta quickly put an end to by toying a double-bass he was required to dabble across the classroom. That settled the matter, he was dispatched to Vienna to study conducting. In addition to an enduring passion for the rich sound of the Vienna Philharmonic, he developed one as well for chocolate ice cream. "Der Leder," as the Viennese called him, could stick away an entire kilo at one sitting.

Food and music were not the only passions in his Viennese days. Mehta married a fellow student, Canadian soprano Carmen Loyola. A daughter, Zarin, and a son, Nirvana, were born in the next three years, but Mehta's personal and professional lives made radically different demands on him. (Zubin divorced in 1982.) Zubin's brother Zarin, executive vice-president of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, married Zubin's ex-wife in 1988. "I divorce, it just happened," explained Zarin. "Here I am

Mehta: all that glimmer-ey stuff

taking care of his children as well as our own." Zarin now characterizes his relationship with Zubin as "warm." Mehta launched his career by winning a conducting competition in Liverpool, England. He was hired in 1961 to be the musical director of the Montreal Symphony, his first plum assignment. Mehta remained for only a year. Wielded from Canada was an invitation to become associate musical director in Los Angeles. It embroiled him immediately in controversy. Conductor George Solti, who favored Mehta's selection, had not been in town of sufficient duration and, instead, he resigned. Quite by chance, Mehta found himself, at 25, musical director. He played with enthusiasm not only into the task of upgrading the orchestra, but, explaining the duties of the Golden West. His penchant for fast cars and beautiful women landed him in the gossip columns almost as often as the music reviews. After a long-distance liaison with Canadian soprano Teresa Stratas, he married actress Nancy Kaeck, a childhood friend.

Pride in his Los Angeles orchestra and natural imperiousness conspired to remove him from the running for the top job at the New York Philharmonic when Leonard Bernstein stepped down in 1982. Asked about rumors he would move to New York, Mehta blurted out, "My orchestra is better than the New York Philharmonic. We play better than they do. Artistically it would not be a step up for me." For good measure, he threw in another swing: the New York Philharmonic, he claimed, "stop overconducting... a lot of us think why not send our worst energy to the New York Philharmonic and finish him off once and for all?"

After an outcry by the Philharmonic management's union, Mehta appeared before them to explain his remarks. Enough if he persisted for management to cancel his upcoming guest conductor dates. When, after 11 years, Mehta did make a guest appearance, he apologized to the orchestra and today no traces of the former bitterness appear when the instrumentalists talk about their new maestro. Mehta, actually enough, also plays a different tune about his New York orchestra these days. "They are fantastic," he says. "You rehearse something today and by next week they are ready to record it."

He is not, however, without his critics. Los Angeles Times reviewer Martin Bernheimer, who has complained that Mehta's renditions of Bach "might just be Bachman's babble," says, "I know I've been cruel to some extent in the role of a Mehta antagonist but my criticism hasn't been directed at his astrophysi-

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## Unsentimental education of an enfant terrible

PROKOFIEV BY PROKOFIEV  
by Sergei Prokofiev  
(Doubleday \$17.95)

**T**his double memoir, never before available in English, is confined to Prokofiev's childhood and early compositions in the Ukraine—first steps—and to his ostentatiously precocious student years in St. Petersburg. It's the kindergarten story of a future enfant terrible and it breaks off, tentatively, in 1905, just when his extravagant lyricism is about to be launched upon the world. It spans eight years short of the Revolution, though it does encompass the strikes of 1905, which he perceives with calculated devilry as a nuisance, an interruption of the serious business of music.

Non-musicians may well be put off by the book's classical concentration on a

small boy's single-minded pursuit of his craft. The plethora of self-indulgent questions from musical juvenilia will not win them over. Nevertheless, those who persevere will find nuggets, revealing insights of a Russia ripe for revolution. A St. Petersburg Guards officer effectively secures the banishment of a cadaver who argues back at him, conservatory director Glasunov pleads for Jewish musicians and dissident students, Prokofiev's father watches his role as an estate manager become mere and mere a matter of pacifying the peasants, and our 16-year-old hero memorizes all the battleships and armaments of the Imperial Navy, only to be devastated when the inevitable warships of his dreams are sunk by the Japanese.

Prokofiev at 10: First steps to genius



There's much to enjoy too, in the careers of Russian composers, from the revered Rimsky-Korsakov to the petty, lazy Lodon, once they are seen with a novelist's ironic eye for the follies of human nature—though without the novelist's instinct for emotion. And as a final savor, Prokofiev is adept at capturing the strangeness of adolescence: scribbles that foster tails, wanda, pedicures and puppy love, sexual crushes, scathing comments on scribbling, looking in "dreamlike moments and bright odors," random recollections (he remembers compiling a catalogue of dogs' names, but not his first hearing of Chopin).

The resulting picture is of a rather chaotic teen-ager, started along by a viciously ambitious mother who draws everyone's attention to her wretched. Very sure of himself, and with a propensity for lecturing his elders, he nonetheless has a sense of mischief and an endearing naiveté—as well as obvious and immense talents. That Mother Russia is quick to foster. Before he was 14, most of the key figures of Russian music had auditioned him and he was beginning to learn from them. As early as 1903, the young Glinka was sent to the Ukraine to work with him as harmony, and the 11-year-old Prokofiev ended an idyllic summer by composing and orchestrating a symphony, 1,000 miles away from the nearest orchestra. Who would murmur a Canadian prodigy such situation? Obviously, this is a valuable book, but its passing chance deprives it into tedious flirtations with total recall too often for it to be a satisfactory one.

John Proulx

## Tedious travels with Auntie Ame

YOU'LL HEAR ME LUGHING  
by R.L. Gordon  
(Fletcher and Whoson: \$10.95)

**T**here is a rumbling, adducing banality about this book. Chronicles of Andre-Amesbury upper-middle-class, more sensibility than in what supply to this country and a not insignificant sector remains largely unrepresented in contemporary fiction. In his first novel, *The River Gets Wider*, R.L. Gordon suggested an affinity for that particular milieu, though his achievement seemed noteworthy more for storytelling prowess than distinctiveness of voice. *The Lady Who Loved New York*, his last novel, expanded on that premise, even if its success still seemed too dependent on solid narrative at the expense of richness in imagery. The latest, *You'll Hear Me Lughing*, lacks even the verve of a fairly usual stream-

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ture. It is that most prizable of agencies—winning with a lighter swing, the prevailing spirit here being faded *Auntie Mame*.

Three times it's *Auntie Mame*: Amy Dewell, wife of a famous actor and one of those madrigal, life-is-a-banquet women who were dated even when Elizabeth Russell played them. After her husband dies, Amy (according to Amy Dewell) comes to talk to him. Amy does not really hold with the idea of Death, though she does believe *To Everything There Is a Season*. That Her Time, Too, Will Come. Spunky-mechanical, she is a walking compendium of quasi-spiritual uplift. What she is not is a fish and blood.

Amy's flaws are those of the book. It lacks focus and it lacks imagination. And, while most of the action is set in the present, Gordon appears to have returned time-warped in the '50s. Most of that action, by the way, is centred in a wealthy, Toronto suburb, though for all the social realism Gordon offers it might as well be Scarsdale.

John Lawlor/Book

## A large dose of white man's guilt

HANTA YO  
by Ruth Beebe Hill  
Doubleday: \$19.95

**H**anta Yo has to be read from the inside. The reader is compelled to submerge himself, feel the intarsia of the words, drift with the nuances of the language. It is a novel to be experienced through the ear and the heart, not the eyes and the brain—a long walk back through the teachings of Western civilization before the first step forward can be taken. Ruth Beebe Hill took that path into the innermost culture of the American Indian and nearly three decades later came forward with *Hanta Yo* ("clear the way," is the language of the Delotak).

The problem is, of course, that it was Ruth Beebe Hill—not an—who spent the better part of her life roaming the western plains. She truly seems to have grasped the spirit, but to get her drift was most catch the wind. The entire manuscript was translated into the Delotak language and retranslated into English, with an 1886 Webster's. The author says she did this to maintain the Indian idiom. "Any attempt to mould English into a Delotak (Sioux) form results in a jargon Indian, and any attempt to retranslate the process results in jargon English."

Ruth Beebe Hill succeeds as an anthropologist, albeit falter as a novelist.

In reading *Hanta Yo*, it helps if you imagine yourself to be Doris Hoffman and assume that Chief Dan George has been lending your car for the past 100 years. It also probably wouldn't hurt to take the book into the forest at dawn and get through it by dusk. This is not a novel to be read in installments—there's no picking up the plot. It traces three generations of Texas Sioux living along the Missouri River, in Iowa and the Dakotas, between 1750 and 1885. The various tribes hunt and fish and make love and war. They grow only with a constant awareness of their heritage. These laws are compatible with the laws of nature and only the coming of the white man threatens that balance.

Ultimately, *Hanta Yo* is an 886-page epic for the Indian and his dying culture, a mammoth dose of white man's guilt. It's a red *Kluge*, as Doubleday has plugged it, a chronicle to crack the liturgical conscience, which is not necessarily bad. You can never master a culture but above of the one it bemoans to build on. But Ruth Beebe Hill has resurrected that culture without allowing as the signposts of the one that followed, the one we now live in. Her attention to historical accuracy, to the various language groups, has clouded the story she set out to tell. Though she may have succeeded as an ethnologist, she has failed as a novelist.

Kim Becker



## Last exit to suicide

HAMLET'S TWIN  
by Robert Agnes  
Translated by Sheila Fischman  
(McClelland & Stewart: \$19.95)

**T**he closing pages of *Hamlet's Twin* reveal the incestuous relationship between the late heroine Sylvie and her father, and detail with chilling precision Sylvie's gruesome murder-mutilation by her husband Nicolas. As if to purify his purple prose before signing off, the narrator freely prays as follows: "May the purifying [sic] continue eternally towards the omega point... to be reborn and live in the Christ of Revelation." Three years after these lines first appeared in *Merve* (1974), the original French version of *Hamlet's Twin*, Robert Agnes knew his brains out with a shotgun in the courtyard of a Mayotte convent.

The act of suicide inevitably mythologizes the life and work of the person who commits it—every traumatic event, hidden meaning, rhapsody (or not so random?) vision acquires enormous significance when examined with the fatal event in mind. *Hamlet's Twin* documents the destruction of human relationships so violently that the reader's empaths are chopped up like Sylvie's body and as a result of gross mystical glue can piece them together again. The question then arises: what effect did it have on the author? Readers can dare or throw away books when the going gets heavy, but writers have to finish them and, even worse, think up others. It is hard having read *Hamlet's Twin*, to imagine its author ever writing again and indeed Agnes never did.

Although these after-the-fact musings might help to rationalize away the emotional mutilation stored up in such a book by pointing an accusing finger at the author's bio, they don't help much with an evaluation of the work per se, and the truth is that *Hamlet's Twin* begins to fall apart long before the end under its own supercharged intellectual pressure. Written as a scorching confessional with set locations and camera instructions, the book also incorporates ranting commentary that the narrator admits could never be filmed. Screenplay and novel combined, it is further intertexted with theatre and television, since Nicolas in the script plays Poulthras in a CBC adaptation of *Hamlet*. But the deliberate resonances crack between the old Hamlet and his modern twin Nicolas are not satisfying. Nor does the narrator, despite the occa-



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several stories effect, provide much relief, being more concerned with inconceivable discourses on space and time lobbed together with words so exotic they would have sent an ancient Greek scurrying for a dictionary.

In this respect, Agassi was like James Joyce, whom he admired, and like Joyce he had mastered many intellectual disciplines. This fact, in addition to the wide range of his personal experience—film producer, director and scriptwriter, book editor and leading member of one of the first Quebecois separatist political parties—placed him among the very few Quebec writers of international stature. (He wrote three other novels, all available in English: *Prophets of the Apocalypse*, *Shardant* and *The Ambiguities*.) Yet too much learning can be a dangerous thing when the experience of life becomes lost in his own interpretation. "Colonial countries inevitably produce excessive amounts of literature talking realities they overproduce symbols," Agassi once wrote about Quebec, and the same could easily be said of his own work.

However, the most alarming and at the same time most telling and fascinating aspect of Benschley's *Twin* is its treatment of sexuality. *Twin* is the male ego run sexually amok, measuring women with their own organs and deconstructing them when they threaten his dominance. The unsettling emotions, though brilliantly evoked, is sinister and levelled, frozen as the Arctic where much of the novel takes place.

Agassi's attempt to have the women rediscover a woman, more generous sexual affection once *Twin* has left is undercut by the very words he uses to describe it ("Tina embracing God himself... and is being consumed in the

with a response. With true Hardy Bay hair, Benschley supplies 818 words in the waters south of the Bahamas and sends frosty magazine editor Blair Maynard and his 12-year-old son to solve the mystery, leading them close-bung in the lap of a primitive, buccannery society that planders boats for its daily bread. The son—who was no little prince on the mainland—adapts quickly to island mores in true *Lord of the Flies* tradition, leaving his father as the single figure of civility in this hellhole. A completely crafted but ultimately implausible yarn, *The Island* is a good novel. Benschley raises the death toll and slaps on a happy ending. *Blaise* for the box-office.

Ann Johnston

## Werewolves in sheep's clothing

GHOST STORY  
by Peter Benschley  
(Clarke: Bantam \$19.95)

There—as in Darkness, daylight, the undead, the innocent, *Like Night of the Living Dead* and *Twelve of the Twelve* Benschley's *Ghost Story* works the old formula of opposed powers or consciousness—one evil, unspookably, eternally corrupted, one good, heroically, pathetically normal—matched in apocalyptic struggle. In art as in human and international relations, the Western world demands absolute, endless, six 24-hour presentation with evilizing and alienating personalized evil.

*Ghost Story* is a rich, yeasty brew. It mixes several tellers and tales (including a creepy rewrite of *The Tale of the Skin*), multiple flashbacks, a novelist with a head set for about science fiction, law partners named Hawthorne and James. The vital—fatal—ingredient is a particularly virulent strain of

THE ISLAND  
by Peter Benschley  
(Clarke: Bantam \$19.95)

**P**eter Benschley, who freely admits he knows his "readers" readers to thank for his best-seller status, has pumped off yet another war-torn thriller for his fans' beach bags. This over-the-top entertainment machine, having dined the water of summers (*Ghost*) and doors (*The Deep*) now taken on boaters

Benschley, specialist in watery death, very grateful to all new readers



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native worldview. At times the book stumbles over its structure: all the epigraphs and end chapter titles are nearly pointless. And Struth lets the pressure off too early, once it becomes clear what the horror actually is, and what must be done to meet it. Toward the end the book goes occasionally theoretical and talky, seeming to glance out at the audience and wink, and the tension drops.

But where Struth's at his best, with atmosphere, he's almost flawless. *Ghost Story* is drawn with luridly observed detail and plausible characters; it has the gritty texture of the ordinary. The locale is precise and spooky—a small New York town (near Kingston) situated in a worn-out winter landscape of empty fields, endless valleys, wind-driven roads, “lurking abnormality.” And now without more it falls, drifts, backs up for 500 agonious pages, refilling the evidence of the otherworldly in the deepening oppression of the familiar.

Struth avoids the portentous prose common to the genre, he doesn't, for the greater part of the book, try with the reader's disbelief, but merely assumes it, disseminates it through the huffed dread of his characters and lets the story happen. Like the victim of the mantau that Struth involves—that phantom we pursue until it turns around at last to show us the face of our own terror—the reader is stuck, in *Ghost Story*, with exactly the amount of night-mare he deserves.

—Douglas Hill

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- 7 *The Dark Commandment, Sanders* (1)
- 8 *On-Screen of My Heart, Roy* (2)
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- 10 *The Diaries of John Cheever, Cheever*

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# Not a nice Jewish boy

"There isn't a single smiling young actor in this country here. One you think of as 'Shave' looks would be absolutely laughable—if he weren't absolutely right. Of the male performances in movies so far this year—a list including Robert De Niro (*The Deer Hunter*), Jack Lemmon (*The China Syndrome*) and James Mason (*Murder by Death*)—Lack's work in the Canadian-made *The Shabbat Goy* is the most dynamic and kinetic—quite simply the most exciting to watch. A malodorous renaissance of a dying dog culture now past its peak (*Madness*), May 14) made two years ago in a shooting, *The Shabbat Goy* is a critical hit and, surprisingly, a good box office. And with it, Steve Lack has become an instant star.

The self-proclaimed "multi-media man" from Montreal (actor, sculptor, painter, photographer, performer at times, he even tap dances on the way back to his table in a chic Toronto restaurant), Lack is a true, unforced original. Between engagements ("The last real job I had was in *Expo 67*"), he exhibited in New York with the likes of David Hockney, Irving Penn and Anselm, he co-wrote, co-produced and starred in *The Shabbat Goy* ("I've earned \$60,000 in deferred on that," he says dolefully), he showed up at a Halloween party the year before last as "Lil' Ezyer after a near-fatal car crash," and came the next year as Henry Morganster. The Montrealer digresses as an attempt to rectify what he claims to be an oversight of nature. "Though I'm Jewish I don't have a Jewish nose. So I spent months sculpting the perfect Jewish nose."

Chinese too. "I like green tea because I was a specimen collector at a buffet. It makes me nostalgic." Always "strong in the throatful of borders," he has hung around with Carol Leary and Lewis Furey, did the dog thing, stomped in New York for a while and is now into "some heavy writing."



Lack' punk price adding scenery

Thanks to *The Shabbat Goy*, offers of work have been piling up (five dimensions, but he's not sure whether it's acting he wants to pursue. "The average actor doesn't have a mind," he says. "The not sure I want to become one. You have to make faces all the time. I don't know if I want to go the whole hog or to, to have

an entire repertoire of personalities. I'd go psychotic. Besides, I'm an all-around nice myself. My idea of having a good time on the planet is to have as much freedom as my, Salvador Dali." (Who, he points out, also has a stray eye.) There are other heroes and heroines: Tolstoy, country singer Don Gibson and, of course, Kenny Bruce. And the Queen. "I met her once with about 400 other painters. The Queen puts Johnny Carson to shame. It's incredible how she plays her Howdy Doodie number. She can ask you how you are and get a three-minute rip out of it. Elizabeth is so intense and brilliant."

Now that he's 32 and recognizing that "time is running out fast," he spends most of his time writing short stories. His favorite is about an old vampire. "I had this idea for a vampire movie several years ago and nobody would listen. Now everyone's making them. That's why they're fascinating. Vampires are truly great. My God—they don't even want to hear children."

A high price of punk, Lack sits back in his chair, saying what he guesses. The only discomfort noticeable is his fidgeting to get out of his sensible clothes and fly back into his leather jacket and jeans. For Steve Lack right now life is a series of invisible black changes he's constantly signing. Lawrence O'Toole

## Little murders

ALITTLE ROMANCE  
Directed by George Roy Hill

It opens with George Roy Hill's homage to himself—a scene from *Barbed Wire* and the *Savannah* Kid. That's a little self-aggrandizing. The lovers in this little piece of piffle are two pubescent prodigies, Lauren (Diane Lane) and David (Theodore Bernard) whose romance is sparked by a discussion of Hemingway.

That's a little intensely cute with assurance from an old and unassailable lovable polka-dot named Julius (Lawrence Olivier), the two take off to Venice to kiss under the Bridge of Sighs at sunset. Her parents are Arthur Hill (a little odd) and Sally Kellerman (a little heavy). How the two youngsters in Venice is a little overstated. Oliver, whose performance lately have been a



Michael York (as Hemingway) and Martha Kellner (as the Kid) crackle and crackle

matter of doing accents, is at his nadir here. He nearly loses the camera. The two prodigies, as far as I know, have done nothing to deserve appearing in this movie. Near the end, Roy Hill comes up with another sill homage—a scene from *The Song That's in the Sea* deprecate.

LOTT

## Requiem for a film heavyweight

FEDORA  
Directed by Billy Wilder

Time to lament the death of Fedora, Jessica Ford's movie star, lauded in her own time almost as much as Ignatius by Billy Wilder. In the opening scene it's already curtains for the star Barry Detweiler (William Holden), a producer who had a fling with her many false-offs before Fedora's face-ifts, and Barry's, crises over her coffin and says, "They gave a good job on her despite the money was she did."

How did Fedora (Marthe Keller) die? Not in a nice way like Anna Karenina, rape and all, Fedora threw herself in front of a train. And, as a matter of fact, Detweiler had chased her to her villa in Corto to offer her a comeback role as Anna herself. Did her taking her research as seriously kill her? No, Billy Wilder killed Fedora. (A little Mae West's tragic, please.)

Fedora is Wilder's return visit to his 1930 Sunset Boulevard, also about a faded movie star—lousy old Norma Desmond holed up in her decaying mansion with her half-headed husband, formerly her director, and enough old memories to keep moderns at bay. It's a business, feeding on the *Flower of eternal age* that Tinsel Town manufactures. Fedora is also narrated by Holden, in a lead as flashback. The

new hat letter to Hollywood—bitchy, witty and ardent—has an extra kick because the idea by now is badly dated. The new Hollywood is a place of such irony, ruse and sleazebag that the lines that Wilder and J.A.L. demand have degraded up from the past not only obsolete—*they* cackle. Fedora is a kind of Hollywood Rubble On ("Mae West and Harlow, they were the lady ones," laments the unworldly Fedora). Who would pass up seeing Wilder drive his last waste through Hollywood's old heart?

The plot, baffling an old-fashioned movie of this kind, has more twists and turns than the Grand Prix. Fedora is being kept a virtual prisoner in her own home by the Countess Blonk (Bibi Stenzel) and the plastic surgeon Dr. Violette (Jose Ferrer, wearing a single earring just, who looks off a little of Billy's every evening and whose feeling for his profession is first in the line, "Let those rich babies drive the prunes." Why is Fedora being kept so miserably? When Holden first meets her in a cinema shop he lends her \$100 for three reels of film. His later remarks to the countess: "4000 for three reels. I thought it a little odd." Replies the countess darkly, "What's odd is that she has no camera." Fedora's on dope. Wouldn't you know it?

The plot strands are tied together in the middle, which might disappoint some, but the movie is a comedy, and Wilder was right to change the structure of the tacky story taken from Troy's *Crowned Heads*. Wilder has made something curio, grand, campy, funny, and witty, a happy ending—a dinner with aquies. The world of Fedora is captured by the countess in her best threat, Garbo drive—"Ang! Acting—that's for the Old Yea!"



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## Why Trudeau feels the thread slipping, the link with the mood of his listeners gone

By Allan Fotheringham

The sag in a leader's campaign is first detected in the shambles of the campaign. On the flight from Charlottetown to Toronto, the Trudeau aides stiffly row the aisle past the tap-up of reporters' typewriters to the 10-9 thunders through the night. The usually rummy Allan Getty has a subdued air. Prime Secretary Aron Patterson whose presence seems to dip with each passing campaign day, mopes in another wraith. Later that an hour previous, Principal Secretary Jim Gault, the supreme political floor capable of such cynical events as the baying of Jack Horner, stood at the back of a Charlottetown college gym with his eyes welling over with uncontrollable tears. He was crying for himself, the Prime Minister of Canada, who had just finished a desperate speech that Gault knew was not enough. The small deficit deficit around the Trudeau camp as the economy crumbles, Trudeau grows shrill and shouting in these last days.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau, if he can read the winds, must have sensed just a bit more with the results of the British Columbia election. More than the pride and reputation of one federal leader was involved here: the future of the Liberals as a federal party was confirmed once again. If any further evidence were needed, the B.C. results demonstrated that the Liberals are finished as a serious force in small the country and probably as a national party. We are headed inexorably toward a two-party system, left vs. right, and the shabby Liberals whose one principle in power have been caught in the middle with little room to maneuver.

The Liberals, with the disappearance of their final seat in B.C., now no longer exist on the provincial level in any of the four western provinces. They disappeared with the dinosaurs in Alberta long ago, they went beneath the waves in Saskatchewan last fall in Allan Blakeney's sweep and they became extinct

in Manitoba last month when sole survivor Lloyd Axworthy abandoned the legislature in his try for a federal seat. Without the stamp-leaking, shack-topping provincial troops, there is no federal minister of any consequence in the West as even Otto Lang struggles for survival in Saskatoon. It is a measure of the dreadfully weak Trudeau cabinet that is presenting its record before the electorate that the shambles Lang, with all his public relations problems, is the only franchise minister from the area of the country that is the richest and fast-



dreamers dedicated to self-determination. And his obsession with Quebec, the detriment of any serious effort to understand the new challenges of the West, has destroyed the base of any liberal structure in these four provinces swarming with new resource wealth.

The Liberals, it should be granted, are the political equivalent of Jesus. They have had the skills, over the years, to develop all philosophies. Thoughts to the left of them, Socialists, are derided by Mackenzie King, that pinhead, masquerading as a dolphin, were merely "Liberals in a hurry." But M.J. Gault, J.R. Woodsworth, Tommy Douglas and watered-down bums have held their position. As the beatitudes taught us, stand your ground and you'll inherit the vote. The Liberals normally have always leaned on the fact that the enormous increase in public expenditure on secondary education would not increase the intelligence of the voter. They were wrong.

Our current get around the fact that when Trudeau took office 11 years ago, four provinces had Liberals at the helm. Today not a single one does. Whatever the disadvantages of a Joe Clark government with only two or three seats from Quebec, most Canadians clearly see that an even more ludicrous situation would be a Trudeau government relying only on Quebec and governing while in a minority position in the other provinces.

The Tories are secure as a national party. The Liberals are not. It is the war, at last securing a base in Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, which is broadening its national structure. The Liberal foundations are crumbling. The B.C. results—with the Liberal popular vote now less than one per cent—prove it. It's why one watches with a certain sadness as the once-magic figure of Trudeau grows strident and pindling before anguished audiences as he feels the thread slipping, the link with the mood of his listeners gone. It's why Jim Gault cries in public.



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